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President Clinton's Voodoo Foreign Policy — pp. 26 & 32

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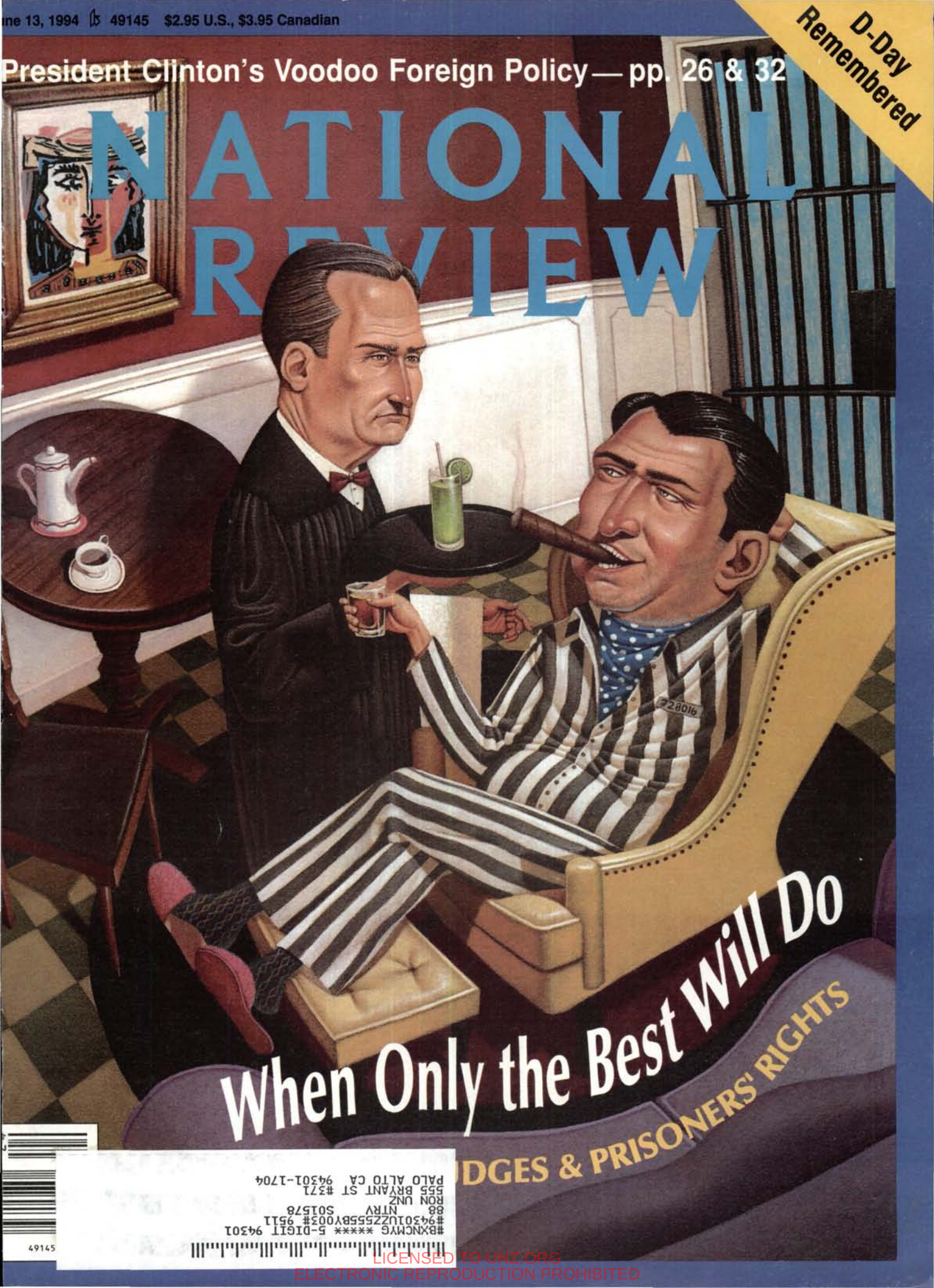

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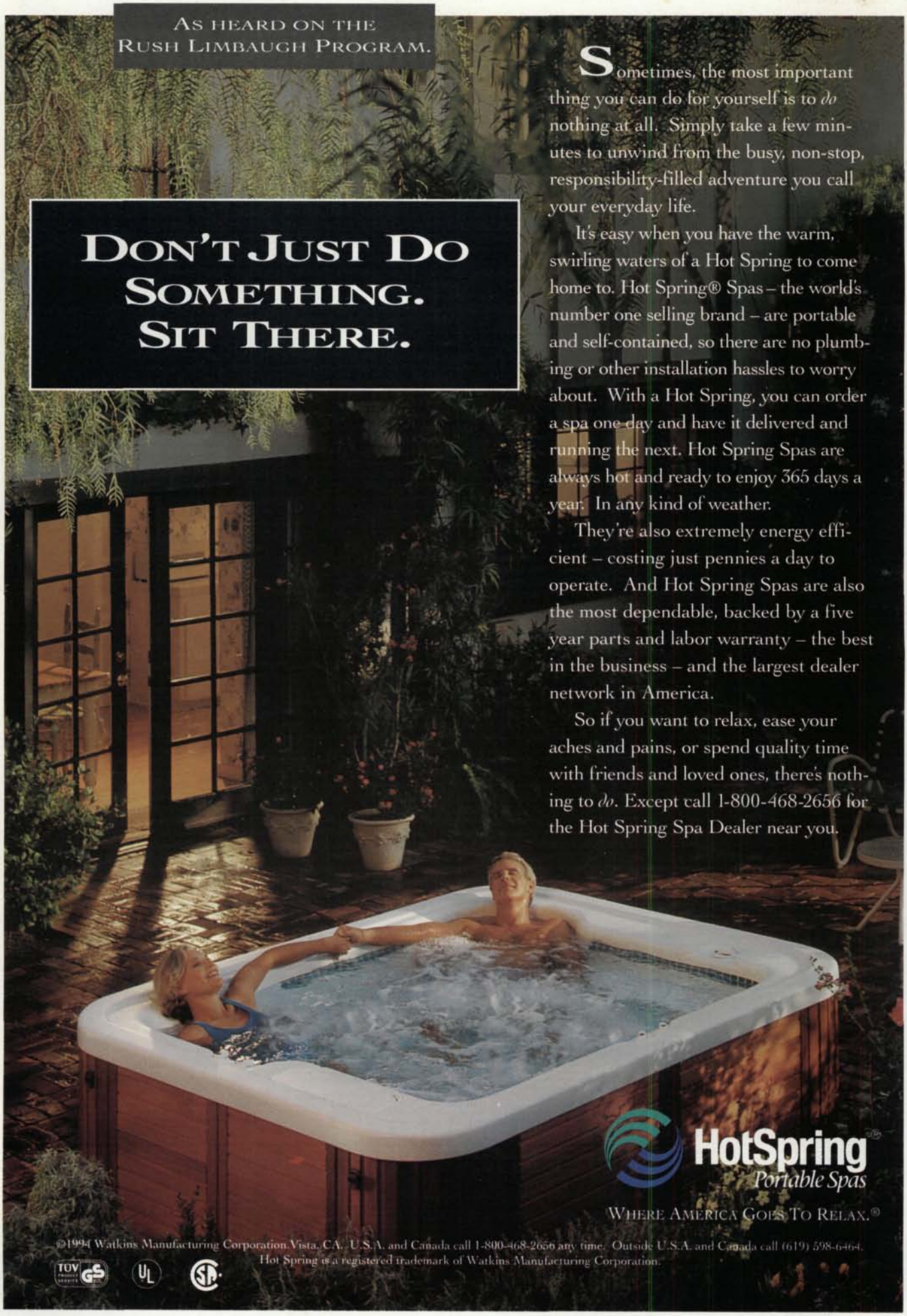
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BILL CLINTON, LIAR

FEATURED: One entire chapter — an avalanche of promises Clinton broke, plus the lies that keep right on pouring out

RUSH LIMBAUGH

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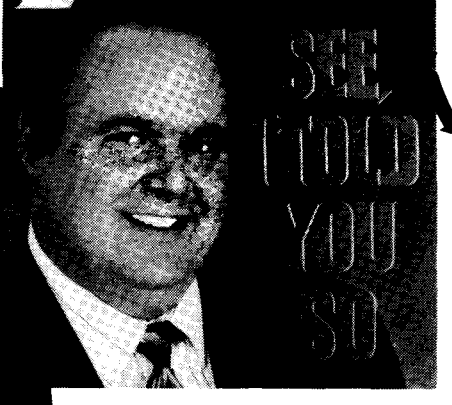

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Can you speak liberalese?

Hurry — Dr. Limbaugh is about to start his class . . .

bigot: someone winning an argument with a liberal

rich: anyone with a job in the private sector

share: steal

special interests: people who disagree with liberals

taxpayer: rich person

You get the idea. Rush has about 250 more for you.

Is Rush really cruel and unfair?

We have to admit that he is. What could be more unfair than to remind some liberal of something he said last year? What could be crueler than to quote their miles-off predictions? Their broken promises? Why, it's nothing short of *insensitive*.

But in between laughs, Rush serves up some provocative ideas. He even dares to be optimistic. For example, his eight-point plan to reunite conservatives and rescue the Republican party from creeping Beltwayism. Just because you're enjoying Rush, don't think he isn't dead serious.

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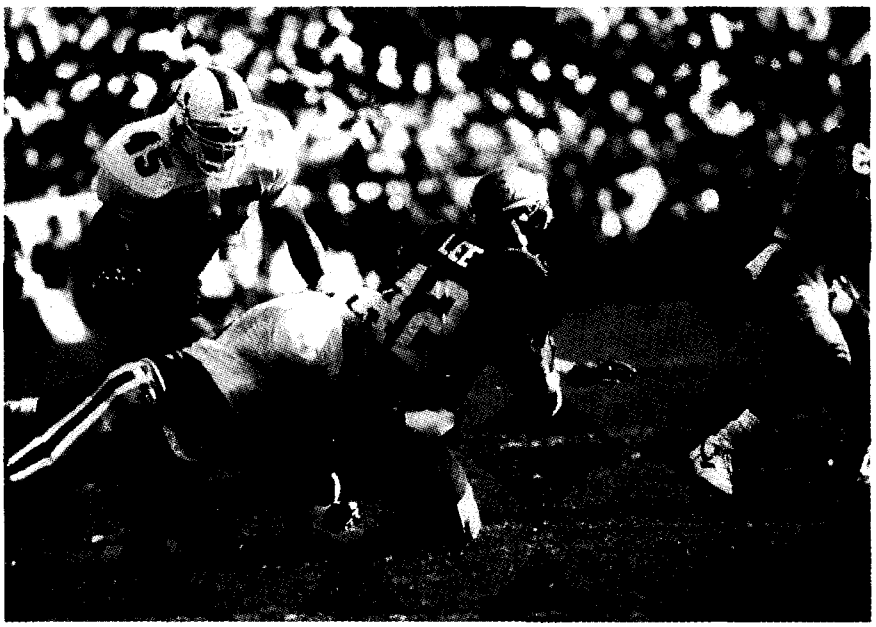
Turning Dreams into Realities



The "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program encourages student athletes to take the lessons learned on the football field today and teach children in the classrooms tomorrow.

Encouraging Student Athletes to Become Teachers

During his three years as nose guard on Louisiana State University's football team, John Mawae came to know the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat. But nothing moved him more than working with disabled children in a Special Olympics held at LSU. "Seeing those kids realize their dreams against all odds really got to me," Mawae recalls. "I knew then what I wanted to do: help kids like them realize their dreams."

Mawae will get that chance, thanks in part to the "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program created by the College Football Association (CFA) and sponsored by Hitachi, Ltd. Started last academic year, the program awards $335,000 in scholarships at the 67 CFA member universities. At each university, a $5,000 scholarship is awarded to an outstanding senior or graduate student who intends to become a teacher and has participated in the school's football program as a player, trainer, or manager. Mawae, a 1992 scholarship recipient, intends to use his grant to pursue a career teaching kids with special needs.

"Teaching plays an important but undervalued role in society," says Charles M. Neinas, the CFA's executive director. "We'd like to encourage more student athletes to pursue this field, because we think that what they learn on the football field helps to make them effective teachers in the classroom."

Nicole Hagner, a recent University of Pittsburgh graduate, agrees. "Athletics teaches you that it's possible to turn the right dream into a reality through hard work, discipline and teamwork. I'd like to bring that lesson to the classroom," she says. Hagner, who served as a student trainer on Pitt's football team, plans to use her grant to become certified as a high school biology teacher.

Nicole Hagner, University of Pittsburgh graduate and 1992 scholarship recipient.

As college football fans and parents of school-age children, we are proud to be a part of the "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program. We hope that it helps more student athletes like John and Nicole to realize their dreams of becoming teachers.

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LETTERS

Improving Crime Statistics

We have far too many homicides, but not as many (1 every 42 seconds) as stated in my "How to Cut Crime" [May 30]. Smart readers will have noticed that with about 20,000 homicides annually this is wrong. Actually, there is a homicide every thirty minutes—far too much but better than every 42 seconds.

Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

Blowing Smoke?

Jacob Sullum makes a valid point in his commentary "Just How Bad Is Secondhand Smoke?" [May 16]: there are those in the public health community who are overstating the health risks of transient exposure to environmental tobacco smoke (ETS). For example, signs like those in the New York City subway that state: "Tobacco Smoke: If you can smell it, it may be killing you," violate the standard toxicological principle that "only the dose makes the poison." There is no evidence that an occasional, low-level exposure to someone's exhaled smoke poses a health hazard (although it may be extremely annoying).

But Mr. Sullum has, in my opinion, omitted some key information in his assessment of the health effects of secondhand smoke. There is unequivocal scientific evidence that children of smokers (who are the subjects of long-term, high-dose exposure at home) have substantially higher rates of asthma and other respiratory distress than children with non-smoking parents. Children of smokers generally have higher rates of illness and more school absenteeism than children with non-smoking parents. Even the tobacco industry has not denied these facts.

Further, while there is no evidence that occasional low-level exposure to cigarette smoke poses a cancer hazard, there is a clear biological hypothesis on how ETS might cause cancer at sufficiently high doses of exposure. Secondhand smoke has essentially the same chemical components as direct smoke. Active smoking increases cancer risk at even low levels—five to ten cigarettes per day, a level of carcinogen exposure that may be in the same range as extremely high-dose ETS exposure. At least one published autopsy study confirmed that nonsmokers married to smokers frequently have precancerous lesions on their lungs. And the overwhelming number of published "spouse studies" indicate that these high-risk women do have an increased risk of lung cancer, although not all of these results are statistically significant. The EPA (which has a dismal record in separating real health risks from bogus ones) is not alone in concluding that ETS at high doses can increase lung-cancer risk. One prominent evaluation of the cancer risk of passive smoking comes from Sir Richard Doll of Oxford, who is not specifically known as an anti-smoking activist, and is regarded by many epidemiologists as the "dean" of our medical discipline. When I asked him for his assessment of ETS, he wrote: "The World Health Organization agreed some six or seven years before the EPA that environmental tobacco smoke must be accepted as a human carcinogen. The real problem is estimating the *quantitative* effect of ETS. But the suggestion that environmental tobacco smoke is not a human carcinogen can be dismissed as devoid of scientific basis."

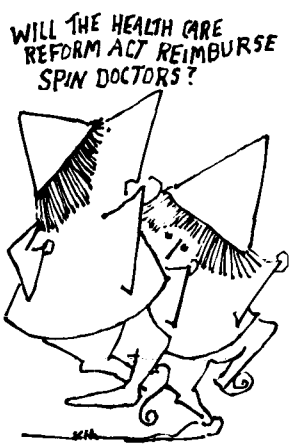
Numerous epidemiologic studies indicate that nonsmokers who spend many hours each day with a regular smoker—be it at home or in an office—are incurring health risks, including a small increased risk of lung cancer. Given the nature of the evidence now at hand, a growing number of nonsmokers, understandably, have become intolerant of these intense exposures. But how much is too much? We do not have an exact answer, but clearly the data do not support draconian measures to ban smoking all the time in all locations in an alleged attempt to protect the health of nonsmokers. The bottom line: avoid high-dose ongoing exposure to ETS for you and your children, and let common sense and common courtesy determine smoking etiquette in other circumstances.

Elizabeth M. Whelan, MD
President
American Council on Science and Health
New York, N.Y.

My article was not intended to be the last word on the health effects of second-hand smoke. It focused on the claim that second-hand smoke causes lung cancer, because this is the claim that has attracted the most attention and generated the most alarm. It is also an area where public-health officials and anti-smoking activists have seriously misled the public.

The issue is not whether second-hand smoke contains carcinogens. The issue is whether these substances, at the levels to which nonsmokers are generally exposed, *are actually causing lung cancer. As Dr. Whelan notes, "the dose makes the poison." If nonsmokers are taking in the equivalent of just a few cigarettes a year, as UCLA epidemiologist James Enstrom estimates, there is no evidence in the research on smoking that suggests exposure to second-hand smoke is killing anybody.*

I join Dr. Whelan in opposing "draconian measures to ban smoking all the time in all locations." I would add that, whether secondhand smoke is indeed a health hazard or merely a nuisance, the government has no business dictating smoking rules on private property. People can readily determine the smoking policy of an establishment and make their decisions about where to work, shop, or dine accordingly. The market will take care of the rest. —JS



The Unaccountable Left

Paul Hollander's article "Soviet Terror, American Amnesia" [May 2] touches on a major unresolved matter. Those who heaped scorn on anti-Communists have paid little for supporting Marxist–Leninist barbarism. Mr. Hollander mentions the harm from "McCarthyism." Fair enough, but what of the attacks on Arthur Koestler, Bertram Wolfe, Whittaker Chambers, Eugene Lyons, Sidney Hook, Jan Valtin, and a host of others? Even today, the leftists heap scorn on Franco or Pinochet while smiling

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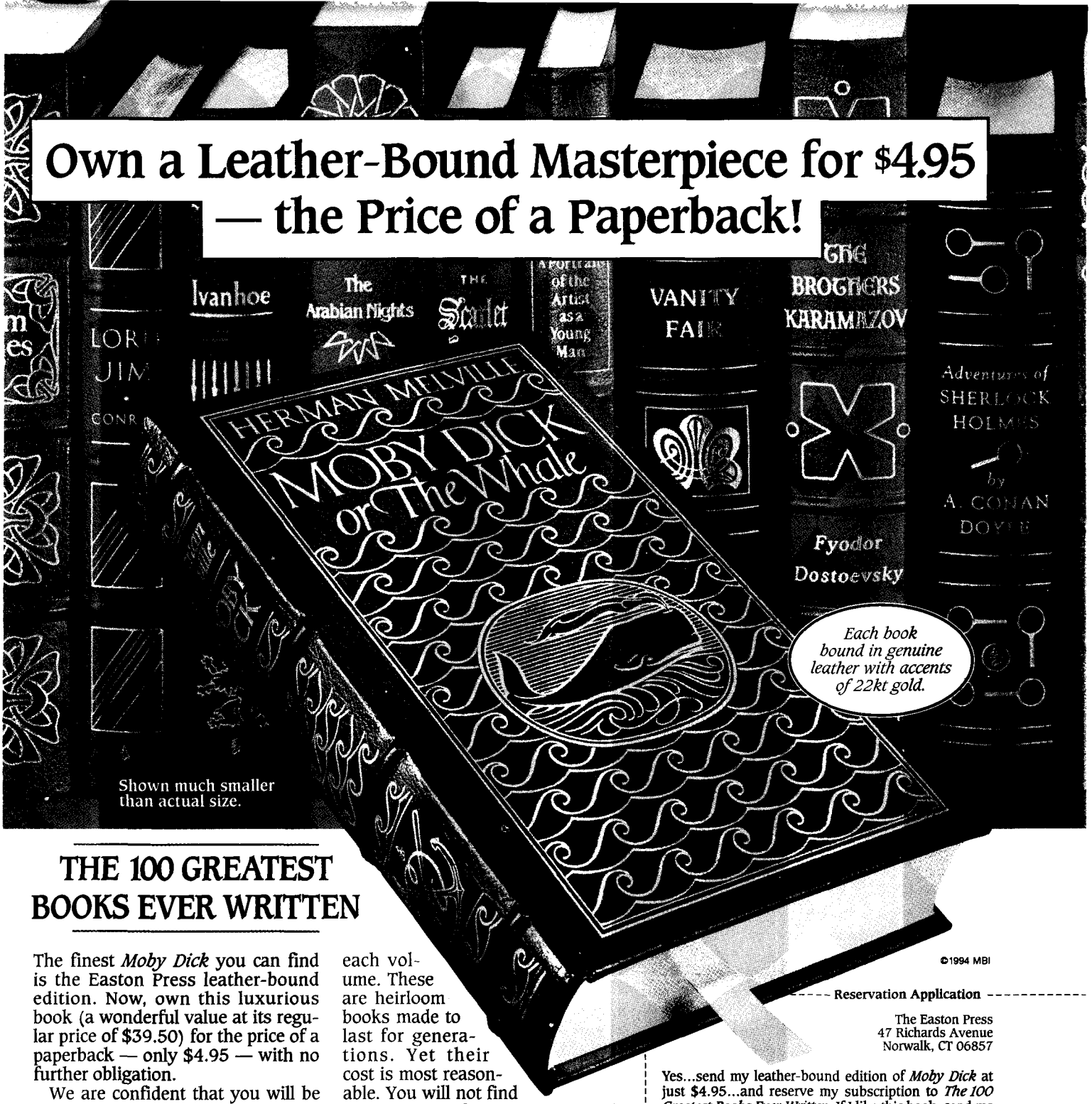

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benignly on "Fidel." Until the Left is held accountable, their views will continue to seep into the body politic.

Marvin Maurer
West Long Branch, N.J.

Medical Misfires

J. Neil Schulman admirably exposed the faulty science that is being so avidly financed by the Centers for Disease Control and so ardently published by the *New England Journal of Medicine* in support of gun control ["Medical Malpractice," May 2].

The public holds physicians in high esteem—and they expect from them integrity and honesty. Unfortunately, some of my trauma-specialist colleagues have also joined the anti-gun forces to gain recognition and publicity: their hidden agenda is to get increased government funding for trauma care. One of them, a respected professor, served as an "expert" witness in a court case involving "assault rifles." He wrote, in a sworn affidavit, that he had seen "many" persons who had had entire arms or legs blown off from assault-rifle fire. Interestingly, he claims to have seen this while holding down the home front in a medium-sized West Coast city. Those of us who actually treated the wounded in Vietnam can attest to the absurdity of his claim.

Mr. Schulman got his facts right and identified the truth as the best ammunition in this particular gunfight. But what do we do when editors of prestigious medical journals refuse to publish the truth? When government funding continues to support nonsensical research by a physician who has openly admitted bias regarding the subject of his "research"? Perhaps it is time to identify this for what it is, not tongue-in-cheek "Medical Malpractice," but serious scientific misconduct. Those public-health physicians and trauma specialists who have jumped on the gun-prohibitionist political bandwagon in an attempt to gain publicity and increased funding need to consider the results of their impropriety. Any physician who lies, in print or on camera, for "the greater good" diminishes the public's respect for us all. With the Clintons' health-care plan looming on the horizon, this is a most inopportune time for physicians to lose the trust of the public.

Martin L. Fackler, MD
President, International Wound Ballistics Association
Hawthorne, Fla.

Fiscal Nonsense?

I can't believe that the director of fiscal policy at the Cato Institute and his colleague could make such a colossal blunder ["Tax Unfairness," April 18].

In their article, Stephen Moore and Michael Markson discuss the *Carlton* case, now before the Supreme Court. The Court must determine whether a retroactive estate-tax amendment to the 1986 Tax Reform Act is constitutional. The article states that the Act allowed estate-tax deductions for *losses* sustained by the estate on the sale of securities to an Employee Stock Ownership Plan, and that the estate involved had deducted a $600,000 *loss* which it incurred in selling securities to the ESOP. If the authors had read either the provision of the Act or the Court of Appeals decision in the case, they would have noticed that the provision allowed a deduction of one-half of the *proceeds* of the sale to the ESOP, not the *loss*, and that in the *Carlton* case the proceeds were $11,206,000 and $5,287,500 was the deduction claimed, not the $600,000 loss.

The difference between not being allowed a deduction for a *loss* and not being allowed a deduction for *proceeds* of almost ten times that amount changes the tilt of unfairness.

The most important mistake, however, was made by Congress. It clearly intended to allow the deduction when stock *owned by the decedent* was sold to an ESOP. But in the 1986 Act Congress omitted this requirement, thus permitting any executor to buy stock in a company with an ESOP, immediately sell it to the ESOP, and take a deduction of half the proceeds. The effect was to repeal the estate-tax law. Recognizing its mistake, Congress amended the 1986 Act retroactively.

Unless the Supreme Court reverses the lower court in *Carlton*, this congressional mistake will cost the government over $2.5 million plus interest in just this one case, or at least $4,673 per congressman and senator. If a waitress breaks a cup, her employer docks her. How about the congressmen anteing up for these mistakes before asking for our vote?

Albert R. Mugel
Buffalo, N.Y.

As Mr. Mugel correctly indicates, it was with the promise of a $5-million-plus tax deduction that the government lured Carlton into selling securities to an ESOP for a $600,000 loss. In the end, the $600,000 was lost forever and the $5-million tax deduction was snatched away by the 1987 retroactive amendment. Despite taking advantage of the ESOP provision, the taxpayer in Carlton still paid a net tax of more than $18 million. This is hardly "repeal of the estate tax"—though that idea does sound appealing.

Regardless of whether the taxpayer's deduction was $600,000 or $5 million from the 1986 ESOP tax provision, the fundamental fairness issue here is: Who should pay for Congress's ineptitude? It is our opinion, the lower court's opinion, and we hope that of the Supreme Court, that it is the government, rather than the individual law-abiding taxpayer, who should bear the burden of Congress's mistakes. If that burden grows too heavy for the general taxpayers to bear, as Mr. Mugel suggests, then it's time to elect a new Congress. —SM & MM

Missing Pleasures

I have just thumbed my way through your April 18 issue with the special section, "A Guide to Pleasure." All I could think of was the French nonce word, *croulant*, which the Paris young apply to the aged, the decayed, to those crumbling creatures who have forgotten the pleasures of the flesh or are deemed no longer capable of making love. Railroads, fairways, cigars, limericks—your contributors could think of those "pleasures," but what ever happened to sex and all that? A pathetic spectacle.

Arnold Beichman
Naramata, B.C.

John O'Sullivan misses the point ["From the Editor," April 18]. Running and other physical-fitness regimens are things that a pleasure seeker does as a matter of common sense. The goal is to improve the quality of life, not merely to extend it. Compare exercise to flossing teeth, which we do to avoid pain and inconvenience. As surely as flossing lessens dental problems, certain well-advertised disciplines result in good health: eat properly, avoid various well-known vices (e.g., tobacco, excessive alcohol), *and* exercise the body and mind.

As a bonus are all the activities the pleasure-seeker can enjoy in good health (I took up scuba diving at age 65). There are people to meet, places to see, books to read, grandchildren to watch and help grow up, good food to eat, debates to engage in, and a good deal more. Much greater fun when you don't have to coddle the old ticker.

Keeps government health-care programs out of your life, too.

These are valid reasons to exercise regularly. Of course, if Mr. O'Sullivan finds flossing his teeth to be a screaming pleasure, then I'll have to restate the argument.

Robert Downs
Grass Valley, Calif.

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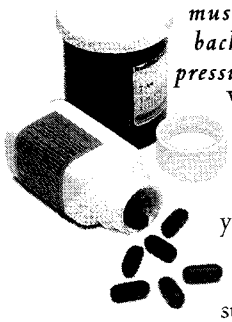

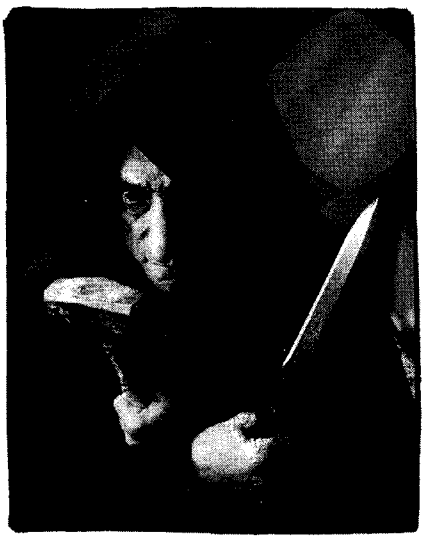

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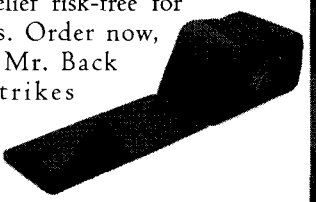

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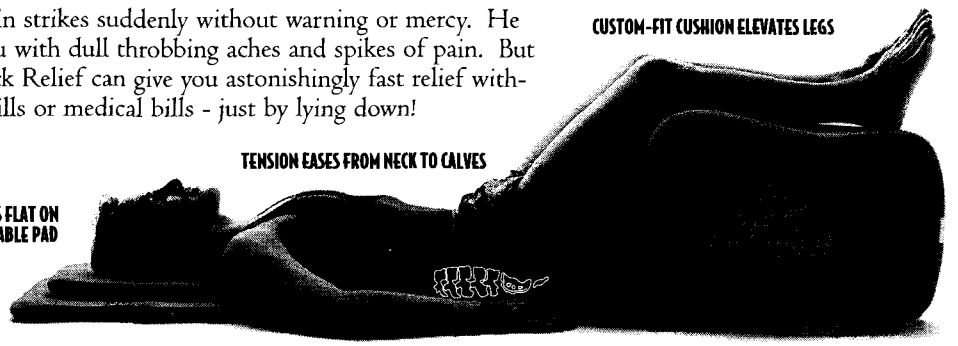
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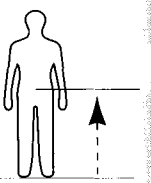

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NATIONAL REVIEW

June 13 issue; printed May 25

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FROM THE EDITOR

Ladies First

■ Most people seem surprised by the strength of their sorrow at the death of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

It cannot be explained by politics or by her historical significance. As First Lady, Mrs. Kennedy was a charming presidential consort and, at her husband's funeral, a widow of the most poignant dignity. But she was also a very orthodox First Lady, who, while carrying out her ceremonial duties with style and grace, remained aloof from the political brawl.

This style of First Ladyship is out of fashion at present. But it had more power than the feminists imagine. Republicans who detested the policies of the Kennedy Administration could nonetheless be swept away by her fragile smile into the romance of Camelot.

She was able to exert this charm up to the day of her death. We grieve with an unexpected fierceness precisely because she always retained an image of youth and beauty. Her death reminds us that "Golden lads and girls all must / Like chimney-sweepers come to dust." And we all feel a little more mortal.

■ This column is no particular friend of the present First Lady. We have found her wanting on health reform, children's rights, and the incomprehensible "politics of meaning." On children's rights, for instance, she reminds us of the old English joke:

Q. "What is the difference between a pit bull and a social worker?"

A. "You might get your child back from a pit bull."

But nothing Mrs. Clinton has said or done justifies a prurient intrusion into her private life. Nothing, in short, justifies *Vanity Fair* reporter Leslie Bennetts's asking her if she had had an affair with the late Vince Foster.

Miss Bennetts reveals that the First Lady looked "stunned" (as well she might), hesitated, denied the allegation in a voice that was "small and desolate," and finally asked that the question and answer be off the record. Of course, Miss Bennetts refused.

In a particularly nice touch, she cited journalistic ethics.

■ Since there is no certainty that she may not be asked similar questions in the future, Mrs. Clinton might consider taking Lady Thatcher's correspondence course on how to deal with impertinent interviewers.

On a recent David Brinkley show, she was asked by Sam Donaldson to comment on the Tonya Harding/Nancy Kerrigan brouhaha. Pausing only to give him Basilisk Glare Number Three (guaranteed to halt a charging rhinoceros at thirty paces), she said tartly: "That is a matter for the Olympic Committee. I am sure the American people are interested in larger issues."

So magisterial was this rebuke that the manifest untruth of her last statement passed without comment. The mighty Sam looked "stunned" and spoke thereafter in a voice that was "small and desolate."

I hope to be present when a reporter asks if Lady Thatcher has had an affair. I have always wanted to see someone turned to stone.

■ I am indebted, as often, to the indispensable *T.V. Etc.*, the Media Research Center's review of Hollywood's politics, for a wonderful example of "The Perfect Squelch":

The late-night chat show, *Later with Greg Kinnear*, has a regular segment in which the previous night's guest sends a letter to that evening's featured celebrity.

"Dear Charlton, You are a fine, fine actor, but when are you going to put down the guns and join us liberals?" wrote Kathy Najimy (star of *Sister Act* and *Hocus Pocus*) to Charlton Heston.

Mr. Heston responded: "When the bad guys put down their guns."

Neither Duke—Wellington or Wayne—could have put it more crisply. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Clinton** Normandy visit no ordinary foreign trip. White House goal is to turn around negative image on foreign policy—53 per cent disapproval, worst since Somalia raid. Harsh *Time*, *Newsweek*, and ABC *Nightline* analyses have aides fearing permanent "incompetence" tag (like **Jimmy Carter**'s). . . . Hoping for mother of all media events, aides are watching videos of **Reagan**'s triumphs on similar '84 trip. At center of media massage is **David Gergen**, who was behind page-one *Washington Post* story downplaying Reagan trip and criticizing Gipper for not seeing combat in WWII. Gergen fears comparisons of Reagan's moving Omaha Beach moment to current boss's June 6 speech in Colleville. . . . Date of Clinton visit to Oxford switched until after D-Day events because of Prez's draft-dodging and anti-war protests while student there. Some veterans still saying they'll boycott ceremonies.

■ GOP scored media victory at opening of House and Senate health-care committee hearings as Republicans unloaded on Clinton and **Kennedy** proposal. "Nothing less than an American version of socialized medicine," said Sen. **Dan Coats** (R., Ind.). Second day saw GOP collapse as senators won *New York Times*' cheers for voting unanimously to set up national health-care board. Meaning: GOP leadership has bought into view of Clinton guru **James Carville** that public can't make distinctions and will blame Republicans if no health bill emerges this year. *Washington Times* columnists now refer routinely to GOP as "The Stupid Party" over failure to portray Clinton plan as statist power grab by liberal elitists. . . . Republican susceptibility to creeping Carvillism comes as Democrats' health-care problems abound. Disapproval for Clinton-like plans has climbed to 53 per cent, and *New York Times*/ABC poll shows 75 per cent of business executives opposed despite big-business payoffs. . . . Key Clinton ally in health fight, House Ways and Means Chairman **Dan Rostenkowski**, is facing indictment and jail time.

■ May's big winner in D.C. was **Ted Kennedy**. He got approval from weakened President for major health-plan changes and nomination of former aide **Stephen Breyer** to Supreme Court—and then led successful Senate fight to clamp down on anti-abortion demonstrators. . . . Home-state problems lurk, however. *Boston Globe* poll shows only 38 per cent of Massachusetts residents currently favor Teddy's re-election, and 52 per cent want to give someone else a shot. Likely opponent: **Mitt Romney** (son of former Michigan Gov. **George Romney**), who won big at GOP Springfield convention over **John Lakian**. Lakian, who got just enough delegates for primary and ran as conservative, now saying Romney is too "right wing." In early one-on-one poll, Kennedy leads Romney 50 to 32. . . . Hopeful signs in other primaries: conservative former congressman **Denny Smith** got GOP nod for Oregon governorship. In North Carolina, hard-core **David Funderburk** and **Walter B. Jones Jr.** won primaries for House seats. . . . Field poll shows unknown conservative **Ron Unz** at 30 per cent and gaining rapidly for June primary with incumbent Gov. **Pete Wilson** (47 per cent). . . . One of Dems' best auxiliaries, National Education Association, pulling out stops to beat Governor **John Engler** (R., Mich.) for his tax reforms. NEA also holding protest rallies against tax-cutting New Jersey Gov. **Christine Whitman**, whose favorable rating is unbelievable 75 per cent. . . . Second GOP special-election win in two weeks: May 24 victory of Christian-bookstore owner in Kentucky CD held by Dems for 129 years.

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"Foreign correspondents—millions of them!"

■ Taiwan President **Lee Teng-hui**, on route to Costa Rica, denied overnight stay in Hawaii by Administration—Chinese Communists had protested. . . . South African President **Nelson Mandela** has hinted he may maintain Taiwan relations. But Mandela was quick to give **Castro**'s Cuba diplomatic recognition. . . . British publishing mogul **Michael Blakenham** and BBC are mounting challenge to CNN monopoly on world-TV service. . . . Some London bobbies, in big break with tradition, now authorized to carry firearms.

■ *USA Today* reports book publishers have discovered "conservative market." Free Press's **Adam Bellow** says "mainstream media" fail to realize "people vote with book purchases," and **Gina Centrello** of Pocket Book notes Right's "incredible buying muscle." . . . AP quotes Simon and Schuster editor **Judith Regan** on rage against **Rush Limbaugh** books: "I get a kick out of that, the great liberal folk of America who understand all about freedom of speech, berating me for doing his books." . . . Memorial service for father of conservative intellectual movement in America, **Russell Kirk**, in Manhattan, St. Patrick's Cathedral, June 16, 9 A.M..

■ Burger King has turned down politically correct request of Berkeley, Calif., franchisee for vegetarian burger. . . . Former Reagan aide **Lyn Nofziger** wants executive privilege extended. At Reagan Library event, he cited **Herbert Hoover** suggestion on reporters: "Every President should be allowed to shoot two a year, without explanation."

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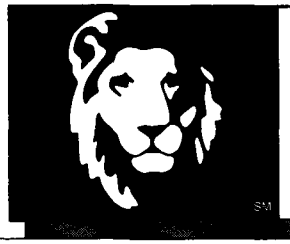

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THE WEEK

■ Rumor has it that when Bill Clinton learned the FDA had approved a genetically altered tomato that ripens better and remains firm for picking, he asked a state trooper to invite her to his room.

■ President Clinton is still working his magic. The GOP captured an overwhelmingly Democratic Oklahoma congressional district when Frank Lucas, a Republican state representative, beat Dan Webber, a former aide to Senator David Boren, by eight points. Mr. Webber stretched as far right as he could, taking an anti-tax pledge, opposing an employer mandate, even knocking his former boss for voting for the Brady Bill. But, thanks to Mr. Clinton, "New Democrat" is now an old act. The GOP streak then continued in the late William Natcher's district in Kentucky, where Republican Ron Lewis so effectively clamped Mr. Clinton around the neck of his Democratic opponent that the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee started explaining *before* the results were in why it lost the seat, which Democrats had held for 129 years. All this is the acceleration of a historical trend toward the GOP in the South, where Republican gains have prompted retiring Representative Roy Rowland, a Georgia Democrat, to predict: "The House will be majority Republican by the year 2000 and maybe before that." Republican mayors in New York and Los Angeles, governors in Virginia and New Jersey, congressmen in formerly yellow-dog districts—in some ways, it's a shame Mr. Clinton has to go.

■ Was *Brown* v. *Board* a piece of necessary moral and legal housekeeping, overturning a bad decision which had maintained dual school systems over a quarter of the nation? Or was it the first step in a long march of racial and social reform? Those who hoped for the latter celebrated the decision's fortieth birthday in a depressed spirit, noting the obvious: many school districts remain highly segregated, especially in Northern cities; performance in inner-city school districts is substandard; most of the students in those districts belong to minorities. The Warren Court encouraged bad policies and unfulfillable hopes by relying on sociological reasoning in the *Brown* decision, instead of sticking to constitutional arguments. The Court referred to studies which purported to show that black children had low self-esteem as a result of living in a segregated society. This was a departure in legal reasoning, and it had two bad effects: The American legal system was set on the quixotic pursuit of good attitudes and equal outcomes, rather than good law. The American political system, meanwhile, was encouraged to seek social equity by spending money: $3.5 trillion since the Great Society. And they're not done yet. *Brown*'s frustrated heirs point to a pair of Nixon-era judicial decisions, *San Antonio Independent School District* v. *Rodriguez*, and *Milliken* v. *Bradley*, which held that richer suburban school districts were not obliged to subsidize urban districts, or to bus their children into them. The emerging consensus among liberals is that, since these goals have not yet been wrung out of the Constitution, they should be established by law. Former New Jersey Governor Jim Florio made gestures in that direction, which is one reason he is the former governor. But the liberal assault on the suburbs can only be expected to continue. Think of it as a bad blockbuster movie: FROM THE SAME PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU THE UNDERCLASS—COMING TO A MULTIPLEX NEAR YOU.

■ Republicans are at risk of discrediting conservative arguments on crime by voting for a crime bill that is little more than camouflage for retread urban programs, feminist sensitivity training for male judges on lines laid down by cranks like Andrea Dworkin, and the introduction of racial quotas into sentencing. As Ernest van den Haag pointed out in our last issue, the reforms in the bill will not significantly reduce crime, and the reforms that would significantly reduce crime are not in the bill. In the long run, indeed, it would weaken law enforcement by federalizing violent crimes that now come under the more realistic jurisdiction of the states. Voting for this bill is not just bad policy; it's politically

"—and can we get John Goodman to play Rostenkowski?"

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dumb. In two years' time, when the crime rate is still rising, the GOP would have to explain why its (purely rhetorical) formula of "cops and prisons" had failed—against Democrats calling solemnly for attention to "root causes." Fortunately the Democrats have given them an escape hatch in the form of racial quotas in capital sentencing. Let the GOP refuse all compromise on this and maneuver the Democrats into defending a "crime bill" that every voter knows would abolish the death penalty.

■ Watch for the FBI to announce a new Public Enemy #1. Next time you're at the post office, look for a wanted poster showing a white, male heterosexual, smoking a cigarette while eating popcorn drenched in margarine.

■ Aldrich Ames, confessed KGB spy, has been invited to appear as a witness before the House Intelligence Committee to give his views on the CIA. Ames, you recall, made an egregiously self-serving statement at his sentencing hearing to the effect that the CIA's efforts were futile and the whole spy business a sham. Some, like the *New York Times*, immediately detected statesmanlike qualities in the convicted traitor. He is just the kind of hearing witness to warm the hearts of those eager to dismantle the CIA on the (erroneous) assumption that the world is now free of dangers. CIA Director James Woolsey correctly considers this the equivalent of the Continental Congress asking Benedict Arnold to testify. And yet committee Republicans went along with this invitation. Larry Combest, ranking Republican, thought it would be an "intriguing" opportunity. Where is the House Republican leadership, which should be preventing this atrocity?

■ Meanwhile, under new legislation passed by the House, taxpayers may soon be allowed to use Visa or MasterCard to pay the IRS. We can hear a new Visa commercial now: "The IRS may take you to the cleaners, but they don't take American Express."

■ California conservatives seem likely to give Governor Pete Wilson a richly deserved kick in his liberal Republican rump. Polls show protest candidate Ron Unz, a 32-year-old Silicon Valley entrepreneur, scoring a remarkable 30 per cent to Mr. Wilson's 47 per cent, heading toward the June 7 primary. Mr. Unz is running a conservative campaign, stressing Governor Wilson's Bush-league performance on tax increases, bilingualism, and quotas (Mr. Unz supported the anti-quota Civil Rights Initiative; Governor Wilson has not). But he also shows signs of too much time spent around libertarian think tanks. He has the romantic view that immigrants are all natural Republicans and opposes Governor Wilson's campaign against illegal immigration. In fact, the 1990 Census reported immigrants are disproportionate welfare users, and Governor Wilson's powerful ads on the subject have now brought him within striking range of Kathleen Brown, the Democrats' fumbling front-runner. Advice to California conservatives: Unz primary, Wilson general. A good kick on quotas and taxes might well propel the governor to steal these issues too. And if he wants to go national in 1996, he can start by applying the questions he now asks about California's illegal immigration to America's out-of-control legal immigration.

■ One Shirley, or Lenora, or Patricia, or Celeste, or Jane, who claims to be the mother of 73 including 11 sets of twins, is being regarded with some suspicion by welfare authorities in Brooklyn, who wonder why she needs $450,000 to get along.

■ North Korea continues to outfox the international community. It has begun removing spent uranium fuel from its Yongbyon reactor in the absence of international inspectors. This is a blatant violation of the nuclear non-proliferation treaty, since it enables North Korea to remove new weapons-grade material from the reactor as well as to conceal the extent of what it has been producing. But because North Korea has agreed to "resume talks" with the International Atomic Energy Agency, the Clinton Administration is falling all over itself in gratitude. Meanwhile, *Jane's Fighting Ships* reports that North Korea has purchased forty *Golf*-class Russian submarines, ostensibly for scrap—except that some of them are fairly new missile-carrying beauties that could easily be refurbished to carry the missiles that will carry the bomb that North Korea is making under our very eyes.

■ Still, President Clinton may yet get tough on North Korea. There's a report he's considering issuing a warning that he may threaten an admonition.

■ The Washington-based *Consumers' Research* magazine is one organ of consumer advocacy that remains outside the grasp of the Naderite bureaucracy builders. Its latest issue does a splendid job of bring-

The Colonel Surges On

Although the Gipper said he's "steamed"
And polls say Ollie could get creamed
(By Robb, that is, whose recent past
Recalls Madonna on a blast),
Jim Miller, everybody's pal,
Projects the verve of Silent Cal.

W. H. VON DREELE

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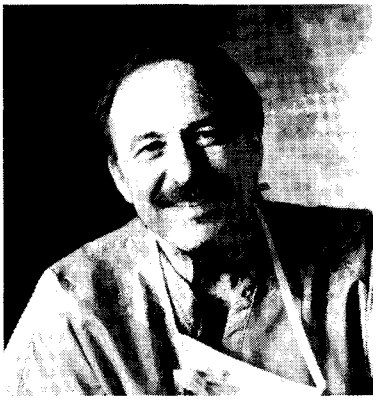

It takes more than a good bedside manner to work in one of our health care networks. It takes a commitment to ensuring patient satisfaction... a record of delivering successful medical outcomes... and a dedication to providing cost-minded treatments.

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ing together the facts around the EPA's elaborate program to corral sixty million motorists annually into centralized emission-testing centers. These supposedly "high tech" centers, the EPA has repeatedly claimed, will reduce auto emissions by 28 per cent. But *CR*, pointing out that this figure is based entirely on theoretical modeling done before the centers were built, publicizes the first real-world study by Douglas R. Lawson, a Nevada-based scientist, of the stations now operating in California. Random testing of cars traveling the roads showed they failed the EPA emissions test 40 per cent of the time, twice the rate of failure at the testing stations. Mr. Lawson also found that many cars produce more air pollution after being "fixed" than before. *CR* sums up the program, which the EPA wants to expand from the West to the Northeast, the Midwest, and Texas, as a "colossal waste."

■ In what has become a springtime of farewells, we sadly note the deaths of two men of intellectual strength and decency, retired Yale Professor of English Cleanth Brooks and publisher and editor Erwin A. Glikes. Brooks, a member of the Fugitive generation of Southern intellectuals, stood at the vanguard of the "New Criticism" movement, wrote penetrating

RIGHT DATA

Reality Check

FOR THE first time since 1989 the fear of inflation is driving Federal Reserve policy. Financial markets have swung wildly to signs of an overheated economy. But the economic statistics provoking these reactions appear increasingly irrelevant and flawed.

Consumer Price Index. Last year this inflation gauge rose by 2.7 per cent, but the actual inflation rate was only 2.1 per cent, according to Bureau of Labor Statistics researchers. The overstatement reflects the failure of the CPI to measure the cost of what people are actually buying. The index tracks the cost of a fixed "market basket" of goods and services, thus ignoring the ability to substitute low-cost products for those that have risen in price, as well as the introduction of new high-tech products that usually become much cheaper after reaching the market. (Although the government surveys consumer spending patterns every year, the current CPI is based on what people bought in 1982–84.)

ARE THINGS AS BAD/GOOD AS WE'RE TOLD?

	Inflation Rate	+ Unemployment Rate	= Misery Index
1980	12.5%	7.1%	19.6%
1981	8.9	7.6	16.5
1982	3.8	9.7	13.5
1986	1.1	7.0	8.1
1990	6.1	5.5	11.6
1991	3.1	6.7	9.8
1992	2.9	7.4	10.3
1993	2.7	6.8	9.5

Commodity prices. Many investors regard raw-material prices as a better harbinger of general inflation than the prices charged to consumers. This made sense when manufacturing was king. But today services like banking, retailing, and insurance make up 75 per cent of total out-put. For these industries, the price of labor is far more important than the price of raw materials.

Unemployment rate. The decline from 7.7 per cent in June 1992 to 6.5 per cent in March 1994 suggests that inflationary wage hikes may soon be needed to attract qualified workers. The national unemployment rate, however, is based on a survey of 60,000 households. Errors abound. Until this year, women who told government interviewers that they were "keeping house" were not counted in the labor force although many were actively looking for work. Joblessness is also underestimated when those who want to work but are too discouraged to look for jobs are excluded from the unemployment calculation. Although survey questions were recently redesigned, the seasonal factors used to adjust for Christmas hiring and the summertime influx of students into the labor force were not. As a result, both annual and monthly unemployment trends are difficult to interpret.

Industrial capacity. News that the U.S. auto industry was operating at slightly more than 100 per cent of capacity triggered the latest rise in short-term interest rates. Back when Alan Greenspan was a consultant to Detroit's automakers, auto plants operating at more than 80 per cent of capacity had trouble keeping up with orders. In the past decade, however, Detroit's biggest problem has been too much idle capacity. Today GM and Ford can supplement domestic production with cars brought in, tariff free, from their plants in northern Mexico. Underused plants in Japan and Germany also stand ready to supply the American market. The capacity number is itself suspect: by increasing work hours automakers claim they can produce at 20 per cent above "capacity."

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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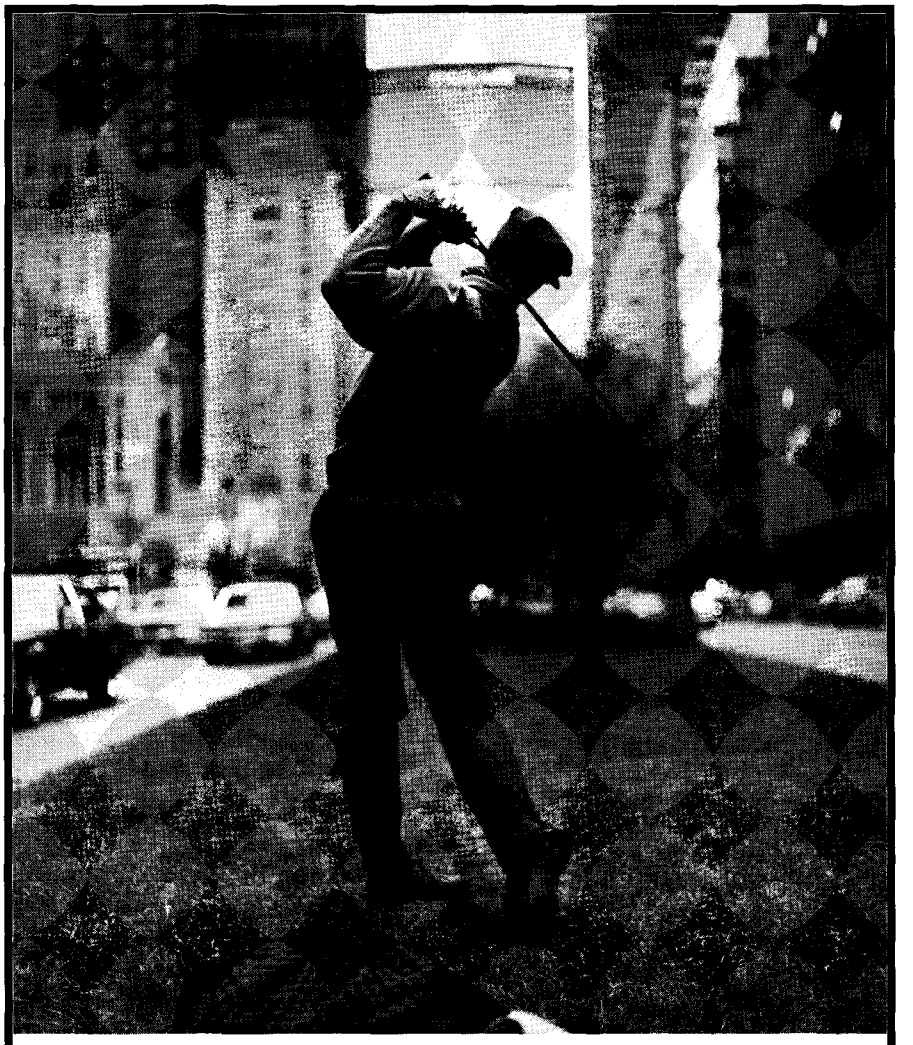
books about a wide range of writers and writing, and explored the dark, convoluted world of William Faulkner in three major works virtually unassailed by shifting academic fashions. But generations of American college students knew him best as co-author (with Robert Penn Warren) of *Understanding Poetry* and *Understanding Fiction*, seminal texts that defined the standard for years. Professor Brooks taught us to mind the details of form and content in order not merely to gain vague impressions, but to move beyond them to a surer knowledge of literary greatness. His was a voice from a time when a life might be spent amidst the best that has been thought and said, without the current obligatory romps into crass political posturing or nihilistic speculation; when one could love and seek to understand a poem without joining a party. Erwin Glikes was a fugitive academic of another kind. Once associate dean of Columbia College, he left the academy after witnessing the worst of the student depredations of the Sixties. He went on to a highly successful career publishing and editing eminently readable and politically brave books on ideas and public policy. Among his more enduring midwiferies are Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*, Robert Bork's *The Tempting of America*, Dinesh D'Souza's *Illiberal Education*, and our own Richard Brookhiser's *The Way of the WASP*. Mr. Glikes developed an enviable reputation not only for promoting books of consequence, but for making money with them as well. His death moves publishing several strides toward a one-party state.

■ At a recent production at the Long Wharf Theater in New Haven, an actress playing a chain-smoking character was interrupted in the middle of her monologue by a member of the audience who hectored her about cancer and declared that the theater was a



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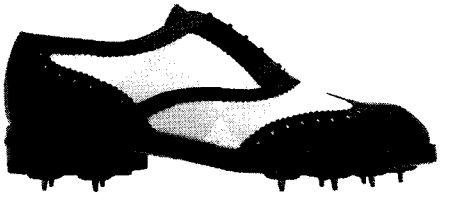

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non-smoking venue. Management later placed signs in the lobby warning that actors smoke onstage, though the playwright and the director changed the play to make the offending character smoke less. Next question: If a crucifix is submerged in a jar of cigarette smoke, is it art?

If Symptoms Persist

AFTER a solid month of intense presidential glad-handing and speechifying, nine months of White House war-rooming and spin-doctoring, and almost two years of general Democratic chest-beating, the Clinton health plan has ebbed to 36 per cent support in the polls. Rarely have so many given so much for so little. Even in the liberal-dominated Senate Labor Committee Chairman Edward Kennedy has had to bring out the hammer and tongs to deliver a Clinton-friendly bill. As Senator Phil Gramm quips, the difference between Elvis and the Clinton plan is that Elvis may be alive.

But both do have impersonators. The Republicans should now be gunning down the Clinton look-alikes, *all* plans with universal coverage. If the Democrats won't budge from watered-down Clinton, the GOP should obstruct, lock grids, and say nay—because any bill with the Clinton plan's bottom line inevitably means, in one form or another, a new entitlement and obnoxious mandates. Republican intransigence may mean nothing passes this year. Fine. Democrats can then rally voters around "mandatory health alliances," "insurance price caps," and "employer mandates" in the fall. Maybe Ira Magaziner will even campaign for them. Good luck.

The public now senses that health care is an issue of such complexity that reform must not be rushed. In a recent poll, 58 per cent said they prefer the Brooklyn Dodgers option: wait till next year. Only a Republican who has made a career of meeting Democrats somewhere beyond half-way, whose guiding principle is compromise—only, in short, John Chafee—would reject policy sense *and* such clear public sentiment to cut a deal.

The only way the Clinton plan can survive is if Democrats ram a facsimile through the House and then a Clinton Lite bill with some GOP support prevails in the Senate. And Clinton Lite is exactly what Senator Chafee's bill is—a mandate for individuals to buy insurance, purchasing alliances likely to be "voluntary" only in theory, a benefits package that will become a feast for big spenders, community rating that will essentially end health insurance. This, mind you, is where Senator Chafee proposes to *begin* his compromising. If Bob Dole ever wants to roost in the Oval Office (and if his longtime aide Sheila Burke has any chief-of-staff ambitions), he has to keep it from happening.

The Republicans just can't be the stupid party on health, buying the snake-oil hawked by the likes of Iowa Representative Fred Grandy: "This is one area where you have to be *for* something." He's right, except that health gurus like Mr. Grandy think being *for* something means embracing a huge, comprehensive plan (he is a co-sponsor of the Cooper plan, which the CBO estimates will run up higher deficits even than the Clinton plan). Instead, Republicans should be *for* preserving patients' choice, a free market in health care, and small businesses.

They should also be *for* a package of targeted reforms, this year or next. Such a bill has been spon-

MSI Health Care Omnibus Survey
April 30–May 15, 1994
N = 1,000; +/– 3.2

Q: Here are the two basic choices Congress now faces on health care reform. Please tell me which one you think Congress should support.	Total	Rep.	Ind.	Dem.
An option that guarantees lifetime insurance coverage to every American through federal requirements that ALL employers or individuals purchase insurance. This option guarantees renewability of insurance regardless of pre-existing conditions, portability of insurance between jobs, and offers federal assistance to lower income families. BUT, in order to cover everyone, this option would have restrictions on the choice of doctors and the availability of medical services and experts disagree on HOW SEVERE the restrictions would have to be.	**37**	24	38	49
An option that guarantees the renewability of insurance regardless of pre-existing conditions, guarantees portability of insurance between jobs, and offers federal assistance to lower income families. This option would reduce the number of people without insurance and would have NO restrictions on the choice of doctors or the availability of medical services. BUT, in order to have no restrictions, this option would leave some people without insurance and experts disagree on HOW MANY that would have to be.	**48**	63	45	38
Don't know	11	8	13	12
Refused	4	6	4	2

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sored in the House by Democrat Roy Rowland and Republican Mike Bilirakis. It embraces reforms everyone agrees are sensible—enhanced insurance portability, malpractice reform, expanded access to preventive care, etc. A recent Marketing Strategies, Inc. survey asked people to choose between two descriptions (both scrupulously fair) of reform, an incremental bill and a sweeping Clintonesque plan; the Bilirakis–Rowland approach won 48 to 37 per cent (see box on facing page).

The Republican National Committee has begun running TV ads that are an encouraging nod toward this, the GOP's best possible strategy on health. If an incremental bill passes, it will head off the worst of the Clinton clones—and do some good. If the Democrats vote it down, *they* can start explaining why they're against health-care reform. And if nothing passes this year, that will merely postpone reform until a more conservative Congress is able to craft a sensible health package for which President Clinton will be unable to take any political credit. No Republican, however liberal, however fixated on "compromise," should want to oppose that.

The Quality of Small Mercies

TO SAY of Stephen Breyer that he is the best nominee to the Supreme Court that President Clinton reasonably could have chosen is not, of course, to say that Judge Breyer is likely to restore American constitutional law. On such issues as abortion, homosexual rights, military authority, mandatory minimum criminal sentences, church–state relations, and affirmative action, Judge Breyer is comfortably situated in liberal territory. For all of his personal charm, intelligence, and consensus-building tendencies, he is not likely to disappoint President Clinton (or Senator Kennedy).

To be sure, Judge Breyer has occasionally departed from liberal orthodoxy—generally off the bench—in such areas as regulatory cost–benefit analysis and federal sentencing guidelines. Still, his mark as a Justice is likely to be built ultimately upon his intellectual success in moving centrists such as David Souter, Sandra O'Connor, and Anthony Kennedy in a moderately liberal direction.

In defining his mission on the High Court, Judge Breyer has said that he wants to "make the average person's ordinary life better." That is a noble sentiment and would make a fine campaign theme for a prospective state legislator or congressman. However, it is a worrying description of the judicial role. How does Judge Breyer propose to "make the average person's ordinary life better"? What are his standards for assessing whether a judicial decision will achieve this result? What role do the representatives of "average persons" in legislative bodies across the land have in defining what will make "ordinary life better" for their constituents?

Republican members of the Senate Judiciary Committee should explore Judge Breyer's sense of jurisprudence at some length. To the extent that judges, including decent men such as Stephen Breyer, view their mission in broad social terms, the American people have the right to know what this means in terms of their own "ordinary lives." Senators Hatch, Simpson, and Grassley and their colleagues should assist in this effort, however strong their inclination to support Judge Breyer's nomination.

Pursued by a Bear

NATO defense ministers have met in Brussels to hear a presentation from Russia's defense minister, General Pavel Grachev, on why Russia should be granted a special privileged status if it joins NATO's new "Partnership for Peace."

The Partnership for Peace is the Clinton Administration's scheme for admitting all the former Warsaw Pact members, Russia as well as the East Europeans, to a diluted status as "partners" but not members of NATO. It is a way of putting off the East Europeans, who wanted full membership right away. It is also a geopolitical muddle, since inviting Russia to join on the same basis could vitiate the benefit for the East Europeans, who wanted protection, above all, from Russia. The Clinton Administration feared offending the Russians, and ended by giving them in effect a veto.

The invitation to join the Partnership poses some dilemmas for Moscow as well, however. The Russian government is split between those who want to join it in order to ensure that it remains harmless, and those who mistrust it as a symbol of the American ascendancy in Europe. Mr. Yeltsin's clever compromise has been to say that Russia wants to join but that it should also receive some special relationship

North Korea's Kettle

The Chinese ban embargoes;
  The South Koreans blanch,
Unpacking lethal cargoes;
  The Japanese won't chance
SCUDs blowing in the louvres,
  So Kim's free to infer
We'll hold some brief maneuvers
  As he and Sonny stir.

W. H. VON DREELE

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with NATO reflecting its unique size and importance. The Clinton Administration is reportedly ready to grant some special status, through verbal acknowledgment that Russia is a big power and through symbolic steps like regular consultation.

The Administration is wrong if it thinks these concessions harmless. An alliance whose major purpose *continues* to be the maintenance of the balance of power on the Continent will be gradually rendered useless if it evades that task. What NATO should be doing is moving rapidly to integrate the four key East European democracies—Poland, Hungary, the Czech Republic, and Slovakia—into contingency military planning and access to Western arms. Simultaneously there is value in NATO's treating on a cordial basis with the Russian military, to further arms-control and confidence-building objectives. But the symbolic bow to Russia's privileged status is profoundly unnerving to all its neighbors and a testimony most of all to the Administration's intellectual confusion.

Jacqueline Onassis, R I P

WHENEVER I think back on it, as I am now forced to do, it is with utter dread & horror. It was late in the afternoon of a very full day in the Sixties. I stumbled into the receiving line, made up of four lovely ladies, self-evidently the sponsors of the charity affair. The first in line was my wife, the other three all very familiar faces—no doubt I had been in their company dozens of times. But in that harassed moment I could not instantly remember their first names, so I did what one generally does in these situations. After kissing my own wife, I went on to buss Lady B (whom indeed I did know), then Lady C (whom indeed I did know), then Jackie Kennedy—whom I had never laid eyes on in my life. It was only after I had treated her like one of my old lady-buddies that recognition set in. I felt exactly as I'd have felt if I had accidentally kissed the Queen of England. Not because Jackie was Untouchable; but because the national mania to touch her made her correspondingly vulnerable. For a while, a long while, I felt like that awful paparazzo she finally took to court because he was following her about with his camera day after day, week after week, month after month.

In the years ahead, we became moderate friends, and once during a fire drill at Doubleday I shared a concrete stair with her for the duration. Our contacts were infrequent, and I rather liked that about her. She had a set of friends, and as the years went by, she gave more time to consolidating friendships that especially appealed to her than to quick-processing fresh friends. If it had happened that, a month ago, we had been seated together, whether in a staircase during a fire drill or at a fancy dinner party, the conversation would have been fresh and lively and spontaneous, utterly lacking in strain; in part, I must suppose, because she knew that notwithstanding the first awful misadventure, I was not engaged in cultivating Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. I did once ask her to engage in an enterprise that would have required her to spend ten minutes at the Sistine Chapel, reflecting on the continuing relevance of one of the parables in the New Testament. Her negative was charmingly delivered over the telephone. "Bill, the only time I ever appeared on television was when I took the camera around the White House after the renovations. I was so awful I decided never to do it again."

It seems, on reflection, that her life, for all its vicissitudes, was about as perfectly conducted as anyone with her beauty, skills, and glamor could hope to manage. She did what she wanted to do. If her second marriage was emotionally impulsive, it was strategically prudent. Books could be written (probably have been written) on the skills she showed in bringing up her two exemplary children in that magnetic field she moved in. She worked not as a dilettante but as a truly engaged editor, an average of three days every week. She exhibited only as much of herself as she thought she owed as reciprocity to a country that loved her and was fascinated by her.

And she was true to her Christian faith, which in the final ceremony irradiated Jackie's class, a creature of God. —WFB

John P. Roche, R I P

FIFTEEN years ago, *NR* and John Roche found each other. His credentials were terrifyingly wrong for *NR*: I mean, he had served (catch your breath) as *Chairman* of Americans for Democratic Action! By association, he was a Galbraith–Schlesinger–Bowles liberal. He had been an advisor to John Kennedy, later to Lyndon B. Johnson. He called himself a "Social Democrat."

But beginning in the Seventies, with his syndicated column, "A Word Edgewise," all the conventional difficulties between us simply—disappeared. The reason for it is that John Roche, the scholar, the expert on the First Amendment, the sometime dean of Brandeis, the professor of diplomacy at Tufts, was above all things—an anti-Communist. He was a Cold Warrior with a heart for the battle, and nobody caught in his crosshairs ever emerged quite whole. He thoroughly and exuberantly defended the decision to continue our program of containment in Vietnam, and when he took on his former colleagues, men and women who had served ostentatiously with

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Hampton, Iowa
Wednesday, January 12, 1994
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LBJ but took to shrinking from the association as fashion changed, he emerged as the wittiest serial killer in town. No one amused more than he when bearing down on liberal tergiversations, as when the identical people who had been preaching the instant need to lay down arms in Vietnam became overnight tigers in the Mideast when Israel was attacked ("Doves for War" he called his column that week). And no one wrote more authoritatively than he about LBJ, whose weaknesses and strengths he portrayed as graphically as Karsh would have done using his camera.

We decided, in 1981, that *NR*'s readers could not do without him, and so gave him, in every issue, two pages, reproducing his syndicated columns. No feature was more celebrated, none missed more when, ten years ago, he decided to pack it in (he had lost most of his newspaper clients, who had trouble slotting the oxymoronic views of a liberal anti-Communist). We had very nearly persuaded him to resume his column for *NR* exclusively when illness broke into his life, bringing him down finally on May 6. How sorely we miss a very great polemicist, a brilliant and witty analyst, and a shy and endearing human being. To his wife, daughter, and country, our condolences. —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have stumbled too long over the clumsy locutions journalists use for the way bureaucrats speak, e.g., *bureauspeak*, *bureaucratese*. I propose the following as euphonious and descriptive:

> **bureaulalia 1.** speech, esp. of functionaries, connoting progress while concealing its lack; **2.** mental disorder of one claiming to aid the commonweal, while feeding on it, often ravenously (*from* bureau: any government rathole, + lalia [Greek]: defective speech)

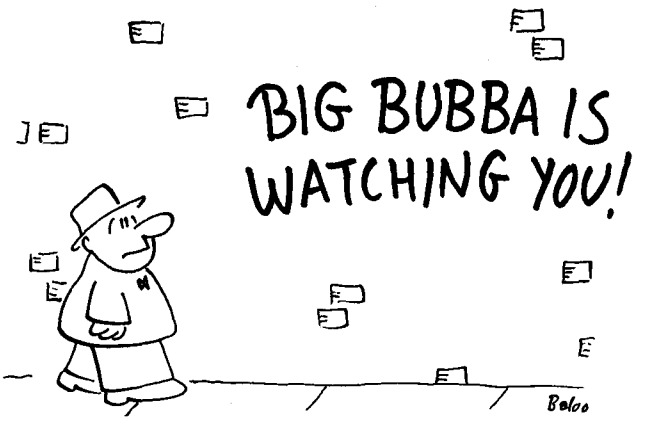
Are you able to give this word your endorsement? If so, a plug in the magazine would make our public discourse more sonorous.

Sincerely yours,
Dennis R. Kelley
Glenview, Ill.

Dear Mr. Kelley: I can give your word exposure, but not my endorsement; sorry. It's pedantic, and wouldn't flow into the vocabulary, leaning as it does on a Greek word that no one is familiar with—except, presumably, Greeks. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

The enclosed full-page ad (in the *Los Angeles Times*) from the "99 cents only" stores shows that inflation is under control ("nothing over 99 cents ever") in Los Angeles.



But can you imagine 12 Trojan lubricated latex condoms for 99 cents? How can they do it? Do you suppose someone is ripping off the school district? Or are the store's student employees getting condoms free from the schools and then reselling them?

Do schools give out 12 at once? If so, does this encourage multiple partners or just more sex?

Do you think there is any chance that the public-school bureaucracy spends more than 99 cents in administrative costs in distributing 12 condoms? If so, maybe this store should distribute them free with a government subsidy amounting to 99 cents. Of course, without a means test, this might mean that sexually active people able to afford 99 cents for 12 condoms might get a subsidy.

Will you ask Herb Stein about the elasticity of condoms?

Cordially,
Arnie [Steinberg]
Calabasas, Calif.

Dear Arnie: The demand, if felt, is inelastic. Best regards, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Although I no longer subscribe to your journal, every Christmas I would give a subscription to Hazel Overland, my grandmother. Although she did not always agree with your politics, she enjoyed your writing and loved your God. I recall how she raved about your pilgrimage to Lourdes. My grandmother died on Easter Sunday. They said it was peaceful. I'm glad. I'm also thankful for all the enjoyable moments you gave my grandmother during her last years on Earth.

Sincerely,
Joseph Holper
DeKalb, Ill.

Dear Mr. Holper: Many thanks, and RIP your grandmother. By the way, it's *our* God, you know. Cordially, **—WFB**

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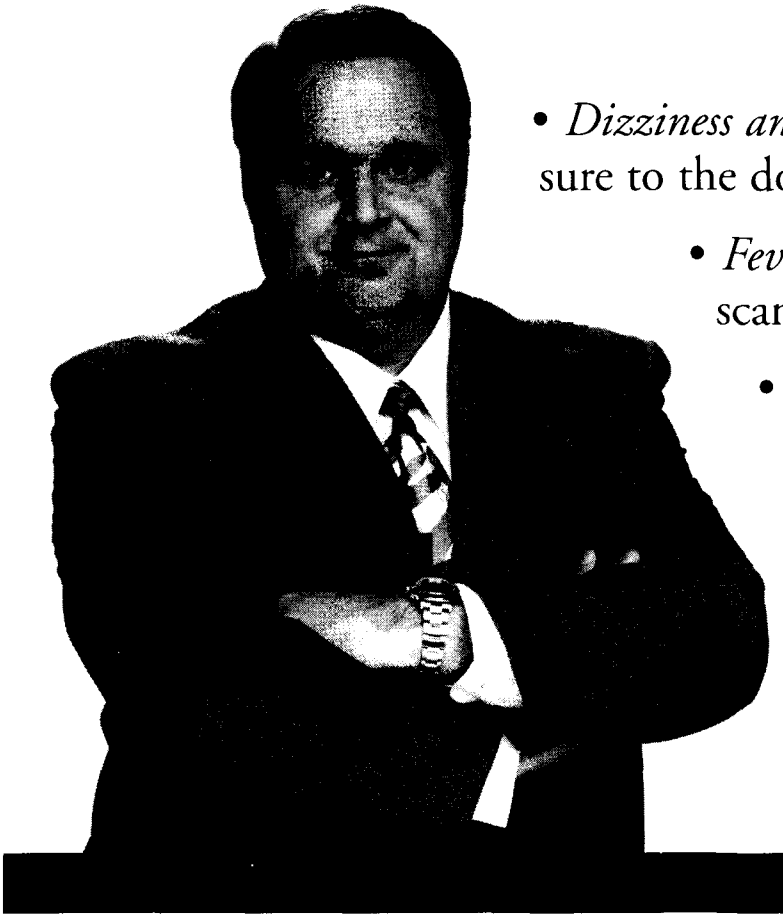
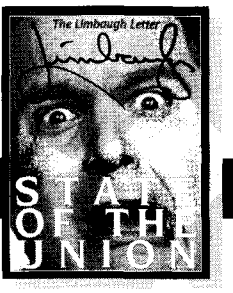
Do you SUFFER from the following symptoms?



- *Dizziness and disorientation* from exposure to the dominant media?
- *Fever and blurred vision* when scanning your child's textbooks?
- *Headaches* when watching President Clinton's Town Hall meetings?
- *Hand tremors* when filling out your 1040 form?



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ON THE SCENE

D-Day Fifty Years On

WILLIAM McGURN

STE-MÈRE-EGLISE, FRANCE

SMACK-DAB in the middle of the little town that bears its name stands the thirteenth-century church of Ste-Mère-Eglise, as proud and sturdy as the people who built it. As such there is little to distinguish it from the many other stone churches that crowd the Norman landscape. Except for this: a special, stained-glass Madonna and Child that I have always found more engaging than all the glories of Chartres. For the Madonna of Ste-Mère-Eglise is surrounded by American paratroopers descending from the heavens.

These are the men of the U.S. 82nd Airborne, the first wave of what Churchill described to Roosevelt as "much the greatest thing we have ever attempted": the D-Day invasion. Late on June 5, 1944, the division's Lieutentant Colonel Edward Krause held up a folded American flag before his paratroopers in Britain. "Tonight," he said, "we are going to liberate the people [of Ste-Mère-Eglise] and fly this flag from the tallest building." Well before break of day the colonel had made good on his vow. The Stars and Stripes fluttered from the town hall, and Ste-Mère-Eglise became the first town liberated—the word had not yet acquired its current Gulag connotations—in France.

Today June 6 is remembered in tears, and some of the town's residents keep old packs of Lucky Strike cigarettes as souvenirs of their GI friends. Colonel Krause's flag is still there too, hanging on the wall just outside the office of Mayor Marc LeFevre. Long ago immortalized in Darryl F. Zanuck's epic *The Longest Day*, Ste-Mère-Eglise is perhaps best remembered for the famous scene of Private John Steele (played by Red Buttons) dangling from a parachute snagged on the church belfry as the war rages all about him. Even today the townspeople leave a dummy and parachute hanging there as a reminder.

This is my fifth visit to Ste-Mère-Eglise; this time I am traveling through Normandy with my wife and parents. My first visit was back in 1984, not long after I arrived in Brussels to join the *Wall Street Journal Europe* and only a week after the fortieth-anniversary celebrations. That June 6 I stood transfixed before the television with some older European colleagues as we watched a day rich in ceremonies: the eight Allied heads of state standing together again on Omaha Beach; British war widows taken for the first time to the cemetery where their husbands were buried; Reagan's tribute at Pointe du Hoc, the knifelike promontory between Utah and Omaha Beaches.

Today a granite pylon jutting up from an old German bunker at Pointe du Hoc commemorates the U.S. Army Rangers who took it. Of the 225 who started out at the bottom of its almost sheer, 100-foot cliffs that June day, only 90 would be standing by battle's end. Thirty of those who had made it to the top returned for the fortieth-anniversary celebrations, and when Reagan made reference to them, few of those watching with me held back tears. "These are the boys of Pointe du Hoc," said Reagan. "These are the men who took the cliffs. These are the champions who helped free a continent; these are the heroes who helped end a war." As Reagan spoke, the boys of Pointe du Hoc—grandfathers, mostly—stiffened to attention; and if there was an extra sadness in the air it was the unspoken but inescapable recognition that for many this would be the last roll call.

"You are a child, you cannot understand," a Dutch colleague told me, dabbing her eyes with tissues. She had lived through the bombing of Rotterdam. "We were waiting for the Allies to come, waiting, waiting. And then they came."

Indeed they did. For the peoples of Europe, D-Day represented redemption and hope; for the Allies, the making good on a promise that erased the hesitation of 1939 and embarrassments like Dunkirk. Although terrible battles were still to come and the Germans would exhibit an awesome capacity to fight under the most appalling of circumstances, everyone knew, Hitler included, that once the Allies established themselves on the beaches it would be but a matter of time. In his attic in Amsterdam, Anne Frank's father chalked off the days. In Paris my father walks under the Arc de Triomphe in the footsteps of his uncle Tom Bartley, who marched through on his way to the German border that summer fifty years ago with men who told each other, "We'll be home for Christmas." Little could he have known then what lay ahead of him: the Battle of the Bulge.

It was precisely this restoration of hope that explains why D-Day has al-

Mr. McGurn is a senior editor at the Far Eastern Economic Review.

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ways resonated more fully in the collective memory than even the end of the war, tainted by Yalta. At the American military cemetery at Ste-Laurent-sur-Mer above Omaha Beach, the winds are whipping and the rains cut to the bone. In the small reception house, an official kindly offers us help. "Are you looking for someone special?" he asks. We are not, but others are. Even on this nasty day, they have come: a fiftyish woman laying a rose on the grass over a father who probably hadn't been out of Iowa before being sent over to free Europe; a veteran of the 1st Infantry Division—the Big Red One—with white hair and a waist thickened by the interval of fifty summers, standing silently before the cross of a fallen comrade.

Not far away is the German cemetery at Cambe, where 11,167 Germans are buried. Doubtless they were all special to someone, too, evidenced by the bouquets left here and there. In looking through old Allied photos of POWs, I notice that a fair number of the Germans in Normandy look scarcely old enough to shave. Their unlucky comrades sleep here, under sad, dark stones that lie flat on the ground, punctuated by low clusters of black knight's crosses. Having missed the entrance, my father and I come in over a small fence on the side, almost as intruders on a private grief.

Back in the car, this cemetery leads to a debate whether Helmut Kohl ought to have been invited to this year's anniversary—to emphasize, as President Mitterrand put it in 1984, that our victory was over Nazism, not the German people. Mrs. McGurn (the Younger) comes out for inviting the Germans and leaving Clinton at home. "At least they fought," she says. But Clinton remains the President of my country if not my President, and I cannot wish a U.S. Commander-in-Chief humiliated on foreign soil. We may properly dislike a President who ran from the call. But on this day of all days, our responsibility is to those who did not, what General Omar Bradley called "the thin, wet line of khaki that dragged itself ashore on the Channel coast of France" that longest of days. A few short weeks after we leave, the Allies will mark the fiftieth anniversary. All around we can see signs of the preparations: spruce-up operations at the Utah Beach monument, souvenirs in the shops, and—already—NBC cameras at St-Laurent-sur-Mer. With the Soviets now gone from Europe, there is that much more to celebrate, and even Reagan now conjures up warm feelings that he might perhaps have found more comforting ten years ago, when he was fighting hard to deploy the Euromissiles.

Like the original invasion, too, this year's hasn't been without its flaps. Dame Vera Lynn, the British "Forces Sweetheart" who gave the troops "Yours" and "The White Cliffs of Dover," nearly brought down John Major in a tiff over ceremonies at New Hyde Park. Chancellor Kohl let it be known he felt snubbed by the lack of an invitation. And the French government, bent on a stupidity that I hitherto had thought reserved for the Republican Party, canceled private hotel reservations made by Canadian D-Day vets (they were ultimately restored, but only after a huge stink).

Perhaps the most gratuitous move was the tearing down in November of the Pegasus Bridge just north of Caen, the site of Major John Howard's successful assault. "I don't know why they didn't have the decency to wait another few months," says Arlette Gondrée-Pritchard, whose family home next to the bridge was long ago turned into a café and second home for visiting Britishers. Now the local authorities are threatening the Café Gondrée too. "They have no memory," says Mme Gondrée-Pritchard, whose father dug up 97 bottles of champagne to share with the commandos who liberated his home. As if to emphasize her point, that night the evening news carries a clip suggesting NATO would respond to the shooting down of one of its planes over Bosnia by reducing its involvement.

With all this in the background it would be easy to thunder on about how we have forgotten the sacrifices of Normandy, and I confess to finding the temptation great. But to do so would be to miss the sweeter happenstances of grace there for anyone disposed to receive them: A Frenchman who accosts my father on the promenade of Mont-Saint-Michel, bursting to tell us how the Americans saved his family so many years ago. Arlette Gondrée, who will once again carry through a half-century of tradition by serving champagne to visiting British vets. The Ste-Mère-Eglise Madonna with her paratroopers. Or the many expressions of thanks, frequently in French and as often by children, written in the visitors' book at St-Laurent-sur-Mer. The one that caught my eye was signed by a Julie Countelou, a day or so before my own visit: *Les Américains avaient de courage et je les admire*—the Americans had courage and I admire them. I admire them too. And I'm not sure the angels could have put it better. □

Middle-Class Tax Hike

LAWRENCE KUDLOW

NEW YORK

IRONICALLY, the closest thing to a truth-teller these days in Washington is Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski. No matter that he may soon come under indictment for converting postage stamps to cash. On the question of how to pay for health-care reform, as well as other new or enlarged entitlement plans surfacing in Congress, Rosty has been brutally honest in calling for broad-based increases in taxation.

Equally surprising is the general silence emanating from the alleged anti-tax party, a/k/a the Republicans. Should there be passage of major bills on health care, welfare, job training, and crime, then Americans will for the third time in the last four years be burdened by another "largest tax increase in peacetime history." What's more, to finance these massive expansions of government intrusion, the middle class is being set up for a tremendous pummeling through higher payroll-tax burdens.

Few policy-makers may realize it, but as a result of repeated payroll-tax increases in the 1970s and 1980s, middle-class wage-earners shoulder a higher tax burden today than they did in the 1960s. The overall marginal tax rate (income, FICA, earned income tax credit) for the $30,000 earner measured in constant 1991 dollars, has in-

Mr. Kudlow is NR*'s economics editor.*

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creased from 20 per cent in 1985 to 30.3 per cent by 1994. For a $50,000 earner, the tax rate moved from 25 per cent to 43.3 per cent. That means that instead of taking home 75 cents on the added dollar earned, the earner keeps only 57 cents, a whopping 24 per cent cutback in after-tax purchasing power.

Meanwhile, a successful upper-end earner making $200,000 (also 1991 dollars) saw a *decline* in his or her marginal tax-rate from 50 per cent in 1965 to 43 per cent in 1994, which increased after-tax incentives to work, save, and invest by 14 per cent. These tax changes are a function not of income-tax policies, where rates were slashed by President Reagan in 1981 and 1986, but of payroll-tax policies. In 1977, President Carter signed a bill that raised Social Security taxes by $227 billion, proclaiming that the system would be made sound through 2030. By 1983, however, in order to keep the program solvent (supposedly until 2065) President Reagan had to raise Social Security taxes another $165 billion.

Now, the latest trustee reports suggest that Social Security will go bankrupt in 2029, the Medicare trust fund will run dry by 2001, and a fund to pay benefits to disabled workers will be exhausted next year. That is why Mr. Rostenkowski has proposed *another* set of payroll-tax increases to shore it up, along with paying for Clinton's health-care package and Labor Secretary Reich's job-training package. Rosty's truth-telling also includes lower benefits for new retirees and a cutback in cost-of-living adjustments.

In short, we keep raising payroll taxes to fund entitlements that keep going bankrupt. Perhaps this is the ultimate defiance by the professional political class of economic *and* political sense. For the middle class is growing increasingly cantankerous.

A study done by former Treasury economists Gary and Aldona Robbins, now at Fiscal Associates in Arlington, Virginia, shows that the average tax rate on labor—including the federal income tax, state and local income taxes, and the OASDHI tax—has moved upward from about 20 per cent in the mid Sixties to about 34 per cent currently. Primarily driven higher by rising payroll-tax rates, which have moved from 6 per cent to over 15 per cent, while income subject to payroll taxes has risen from $4,800 to $60,600, the Robbinses' calculation of the economy-wide weighted-average tax burden implies an average wage of roughly $28,000 in current dollars, surely the middle-class zone.

Not only has the middle class suffered; businesses have as well. Remember, a good many U.S. firms are small family-owned enterprises that are not taxed at corporate rates. IRS statistics show that 45 per cent of all business income was reported by unincorporated firms earning between $20,000 and $60,000 annually. When their employees are taken into account, according to Wall Street economist John Ryding, 44 million middle-class returns were affected by the average marginal tax-rate hike from 20 per cent to 34 per cent over the past thirty years.

By raising the cost of employment and lowering the return to labor, rising payroll taxes have steadily blunted job opportunities. Mainstream economists nowadays suggest that a 6 per cent unemployment rate is the "natural" rate. Yet in the 1960s, at much lower payroll-tax rates, unemployment averaged 4.6 per cent while yearly inflation averaged only 2 per cent. A recent article by Columbia University economist Edmund Phelps argues that a study of 17 OECD countries suggests that "big increases in payroll and personal income taxes in most countries have been mass job-killers."

The middle class deserted George Bush, flirted with Ross Perot, and settled for Bill Clinton in 1992 out of a desire to change all this. Where's the change? In effect, the Clinton Democrats are set to give the middle class something it doesn't want and the economy desperately doesn't need: more government mandates, more controls, more bureaucracy, more welfare, and more payroll taxes.

Polls show that 60 per cent of voters do not want a health package this year. Alas, Republicans seem to imagine that they have to produce some kind of health package or perish, attacked by the Democrats as, well—"nattering nabobs of negativism."

The Republicans are fighting yesterday's war—a sure-fire way to become yesterday's men. The Reagan Democrats and others who make up the middle-class swing vote are now deeply suspicious of the formula of more entitlements and higher taxation. On social issues they want traditional values such as individual responsibility, thrift, hard work, abstinence, virtue, and faith. On the economy they want reduced entitlement spending and lower tax burdens. Not heeding the call, the Clinton Democrats are poised to walk off the cliff. Will the Republicans follow them? □

Haiti, Here We Come?

ELLIOTT ABRAMS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

SPRING in Washington has brought warmer temperatures, colorful flowers, Paula Jones, and thoughts of invading Haiti.

Cynics suggest that just as the first two items are connected, so are the second two. Could the President be embracing an invasion to take our minds off his efforts to embrace Miss Jones? The slightly purer of mind see simple politics here, for the President is caught in a nasty bind.

During his campaign he attacked the Bush policy of returning all Haitian migrants to their native land; he then reversed himself even before taking the oath of office. Critics of this policy in the Congressional Black Caucus and other black groups held their fire. Clinton was their pal, after all, and maybe the embargo of Haiti would quickly force the military from power. Over the past 16 months, however, the embargo has instead deepened the misery in Haiti and produced more migrants.

Criticism of the refugee policy boiled up, culminating in attacks from the Black Caucus and the famous hunger strike by Randall Robinson. Robinson launched fierce charges of racism at Mr. Clinton, who quickly wilted under this "friendly fire." Former Congressman Bill Gray, now head of the United Negro College Fund, was hired as the

Mr. Abrams is a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute. He is currently working on a book about the Jews in America today.

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new Haiti coordinator; his main task was to get Robinson back to the dinner table. This he did, helped by the fact that Robinson's wife was a longtime Gray staffer. But under the arrangement that was worked out, more Haitians will now be admitted to the United States, and logic suggests that this will cause more applicants to jump into boats and head for Florida.

Florida thus is Mr. Clinton's second problem. For while he can solve his problem with the Black Caucus by admitting more Haitians, he can do so only at the expense of nearly wall-to-wall opposition among whites in the Sunshine State, which has 25 House members up this fall and 27 electoral votes in 1996.

A broad political compromise in Haiti (multi-party government, power-sharing, some role for the military) is still possible, but would be unacceptable to President Aristide, just as the return of Aristide is unacceptable to his many enemies in Haiti.

What, then, is a President to do? Mr. Clinton's first option is to dump Aristide and go for the deal, announce that the crisis is over, and send Haitian migrants back to their newly pacified homeland. But this solution is unacceptable to Aristide's supporters in the Black Caucus.

This leaves only one other option: invade and reinstall Aristide. With the "return of democracy" to Haiti and an end to the embargo, would-be emigrants can be sent home in good conscience. This option seems to have moved to the top of Mr. Clinton's list.

It is supported by precious few people in Washington. The Haiti experts in the State and Defense Departments oppose it—the latter, vehemently. Mr. Clinton's former special coordinator for Haiti, Ambassador Pezzullo, let it be known he thinks it is madness and was fired for his trouble. Academic experts on Haiti (except for a few on the liberation-theology extremes) think it a terrible idea.

So who's for it? Most members of the Black Caucus, who have shredded their old speeches against gunboat diplomacy. (Give credit to Ron Dellums, who is at least consistent in opposing the use of the American military anywhere, anytime.) Also for it are many of Florida's senators and representatives, who, in the words of one bitter State Department official, "would rather see a hundred thousand American soldiers in Haiti than one hundred thousand Haitian refugees in Florida." And Bill Clinton, of course.

There are a few other "invaders" here and there. Representative Obey, new chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, has come out for invasion, as has Massachusetts's new hawk, Senator John Kerry. Stephen Solarz, recently passed over by Clinton for the embassy in India, has written in favor of sending in the Marines. But the overwhelming view on the Hill is against the idea, and that includes most Democrats and their Senate leader, George Mitchell. Moreover, the *New York Times* has editorialized against it, and has prominently reported that nearly all members of the Organization of American States and France are also opposed.

It remains to be seen if Congress will act to limit the President's options. The House Republican Policy Committee has come out strongly against intervention, and supports the plan of Representative Porter Goss (R., Fla.) to establish a "safe haven" for would-be refugees on the Haitian island of La Gonave. The attraction of Goss's idea is that it would stem the refugee flow and protect Haitians who claim persecution, without requiring an invasion of Haiti. Bob Dole has proposed a "fact-finding commission" on the model of the Bipartisan Commission on Central America that Henry Kissinger led in the 1980s. Republicans want a series of hearings, where Pezzullo, angry at being trashed in Administration press backgrounders, might make a star witness. Or Congress could take up a resolution authorizing the use of force in Haiti, much as it voted on Desert Storm.

Republicans are a bit flustered at the thought of restricting presidential power over national security, after having defended it for 12 years. But Haiti is hardly a national-security issue, and the heart of the question is whether the use of force would serve the national interest—or Bill Clinton's political interest.

Most Democrats are silent, in deference to the strong feelings of the Black Caucus. Should a resolution come to the floor, it is unclear how many would be willing to cross the White House and the Black Caucus by voting to tie the President's hands.

What Democrats and Republicans

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What Democrats and Republicans alike worry about is the Administration's lack of an exit strategy. If, as in Somalia, the expedition begins to undertake "nation-building," the troops could be there as long as they were earlier this century—and that visit lasted from 1915 to 1934. Ambassador Pezzullo used to remind invasion hawks of the fate of our earlier intervention. So little impact did we make on Haitian culture and society, he would note with a smile, that after 19 years of American occupation the Haitians didn't even play baseball.

The game on Capitol Hill is now being played with a calendar, not a scorecard. How long will Clinton (and the *New York Times*) wait before declaring the newly reinforced embargo a failure? Might the President act during the congressional summer recess? Finally, what happens in October, when the U.S.–Haiti agreement allowing us to police their waters and stop refugees expires? There is little feeling in Washington that an invasion of Haiti is imminent, but the logic of Mr. Clinton's policy and of his political predicament still points to military action.

Stern und Drang

TODD SEAVEY

Roman Genn

ALBANY

REPORTS were circulating in Albany that the New York Libertarian Party's chairman, Ludwig Vogel, had accompanied Howard Stern to a strip club called Goldfinger's and had even had his head rubbed between a stripper's large breasts.

That did little to calm the fears of some Libertarians that the party's convention starting that day would prove to be an embarrassing circus. One month had passed since Howard Stern had announced his intention of running for governor of New York on the Libertarian ticket.

That Friday, April 22, Stern and his strange entourage were making their way to the Albany convention in a tour bus. The bus stopped several times along the way so that Stern could meet his constituents. "I talked to blacks, I talked to Puerto Ricans, I talked to all kinds of frightening people," he related.

In the town of Saugerties, Stern assured the citizens: "I understand *all* of your problems, Saugerties." He told the crowd that he thought the idea of a Woodstock anniversary concert in the area was stupid—until one of his assistants told him the concert would probably be good for the local economy. Displaying his concern for the populace, Stern immediately decided the concert was a great idea. He also assured the crowd that Saugerties was his favorite philosopher.

Meanwhile, I was being driven to the convention by one of Stern's rivals for the nomination, Joseph Brennan, who told me that Stern had picked a Democrat named Stan Dworkin as his running-mate. Brennan, disappointed, hoped to get enough votes on the first ballot to persuade Stern to take on a Libertarian—such as Joe—as his running-mate. Brennan, an ardent Stern fan, had no desire to upset Stern, but would attempt a delicate balancing act in his speech the next day. He asked me to give his nominating speech and I agreed. I had no thoughts of journalistic impartiality that weekend anyway, so I might as well have fun.

Several omens seemed to underscore the weekend's significance. Stern's tour bus was reportedly driven by the driver from Nirvana's final tour before Kurt Cobain killed himself. The day Stern arrived in Albany, ex-President Nixon died. We would later find out that prominent libertarian Karl Hess also passed away. There are undoubtedly party members who took consolation in the thought that Hess was spared witnessing the convention.

Stern eventually arrived in Albany with his entourage of strippers and eccentrics, including David Peel, the pot-smoking folk singer who wrote Stern's campaign song ("Howard Stern for governor / Howard Stern for governor / For gov-er-nor of New York").

I had first heard Peel play the campaign song at a Greenwich Village magic store during a Stern rally, which took place simultaneously with a colorful April Fool's Day parade, making it difficult to tell where one group ended and the other began. Joe Brennan put in an appearance, looking a bit out of place in a suit and tie, calmly explaining libertarian principles to the press with a piece of pink Silly String, sprayed by one of the paraders, dangling from his head.

Now, three weeks later, Brennan and the rest of us were heading over to the Italian American Center for the nominations. The ranks of voting Libertarians had swollen to nearly four hundred, about half of them probably there purely as Howard Stern fans, but all having joined the party before the April 8 deadline.

There were also dozens of press people and onlookers, something the Libertarian Party is not used to. The party also isn't used to candidates accompanied by scantily clad women with large breasts, including a beautiful tattooed lesbian named Debbie who claims to have had sex with space aliens. But then old Libertarians are often seen as loony themselves. Where else is talking about your own legal problems—as one speaker charged with illegal gun possession did—considered a good tactical move in a nominating speech?

Still, the Stern people completely eclipsed the eccentricities of others in the hall. "Melrose" Larry Green, for example, wore a Statue of Liberty hat, laughed loudly at other candidates, and repeatedly played a tape recording of the Stern campaign song. During Joseph Brennan's speech, Melrose held up a sign saying, "Don't brag—I'm a Cornell MBA and look at me."

(Continues on page 76)

Mr. Seavey has written for Reason, Chronicles, Liberty, *and* The Exchange.

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RANDOM WALK

■ The Federal Reserve's latest ½ per cent interest-rate hike has done nothing to halt rising inflation fears. Only a few days after the Fed move, gold and commodity prices soared while bonds plummeted. The dollar remains weak. The financial markets have signaled thumbs down.

Up and coming Sanwa Securities economist Michelle Colley Laughlin put the story succinctly to clients in her latest newsletter. She tells them to "forget the federal funds rate, keep your eye on gold." Market prices are the best indicators of monetary policy, reflecting the views of millions of investors acting in their own profit-maximizing self-interest.

The CRB futures index has mounted a powerful rally, including foods, grains, precious metals, industrial raw materials, and energy, and is now 13 per cent higher than a year ago. So has the *Journal of Commerce* index of spot raw industrials, which is 6.5 per cent above last year's level. While the CPI has advanced only 2.4 per cent since last April, that's yesterday's news. Forward-looking commodity prices tell us tomorrow's inflation will be much higher.

How much higher? Miss Laughlin's econometric model indicates that changes in the price of gold explain 76 per cent of the variation in the CPI. With gold hovering around $390, her model forecasts 4 per cent inflation by year's end. Should gold rise above $400, 1995 inflation will move up to around 4½ per cent. Instead of obsessing over the federal funds rate like other Wall Street economists, Miss Laughlin believes that only when gold drops back to $330 or $340 will inflation fears abate.

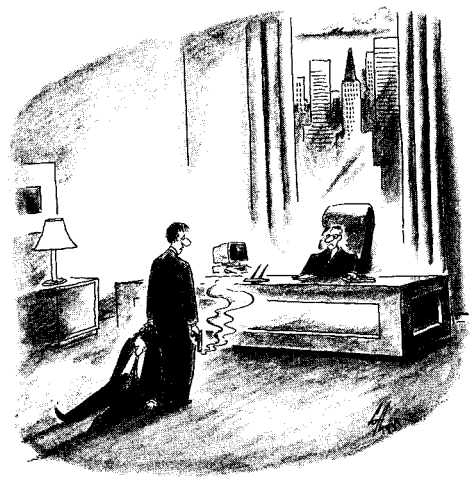
I'm setting up new short positions in the stock market, which is bound to follow bonds into the dumpster.

■ After all these months Bill Clinton and the big-city mayors are going to get a fiscal stimulus bill, thanks to an ingenious marketing technique: they're calling it a "crime bill."

The crime bill is the largest urban cash-cow program since Nixon came up with revenue sharing. Ron Brownstein of the *Los Angeles Times* dubs the crime bill "a vast expansion of social welfare programs" and predicts that "it might not be through growing." The bill is headed for a possible $30-billion six-year price-tag for such crime-fighting initiatives as job training, drug-treatment centers, improved public transportation, midnight basketball leagues, and a $1.3-billion "Ounce of Prevention" program (only on the Hill would a billion three be called "an ounce"). Unlike the social-welfare legislation of the 1960s and early 1970s, this bill doesn't even make the pretense of starting small.

But don't blame just the Democrats: this bill is bipartisan pork at its worst. A high-ranking GOP House staffer complained to me that Republican Members have "no interest in cutting the costs, just getting their fair slice of the sausage."

My prediction is that fiscal conservatives will spend the next ten years trying to weed out all the garbage that has been inserted into this urban slush fund. And all my liberal friends are about to learn that crime does indeed pay.



"I thought you'd be proud of me."

■ Remember back in early 1993 when Hillary bashed the pharmaceutical companies as "shameless profiteers"? Well, her jawboning now appears to have paid off: the industry's profits have gone from shameless to nonexistent. Drug-industry stocks have lost 25 per cent of their value since the Clintons arrived in Washington promising to fix health care. Worse yet, a stock index of America's 100 top bio-technology firms compiled by BioCentury Publications shows that in January 1993, before Hillary began waving the big stick of drug price controls, the index stood at 1510. This month it dipped to below 1000. "These stocks have taken a pounding," says BioCentury VP Karen Hernstein.

Thanks to the funding drought several firms have been forced to cancel plans for public offerings, slash R&D spending, and shelve promising drug development for diseases like muscular dystrophy and ALS (Lou Gehrig's disease). In sum, health care is a case study in how Washington can destroy a vibrant industry.

Several insidious features of the leading Democratic health plans have contributed to the investor stampede away from bio-technology stocks. First, these plans would create a "Breakthrough Drug Committee," whose mission would be to determine whether manufacturers of new wonder drugs are charging "excessive prices." Second, the plans would establish a "Medicare Blacklist" to prohibit Medicare reimbursement for expensive drugs. And finally, the universal premium caps place an overall spending ceiling on the entire medical-care industry, which threatens to crowd out dollars for purchasing new drugs. In sum, Congress wants to do for the drug industry in the 1990s, what it did for the oil markets in the 1970s.

This is all bad news for the profiteers in the drug industry (a/k/a research scientists, physicians, venture capitalists, small stockholders). But it's really bad news for those who actually suffer from MS, AIDS, or Lou Gehrig's disease. But back on Capitol Hill, the band plays on. —GEKKO

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Joe Ricketts, Chief Executive

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Questions of Sovereignty

DECLARATIONS OF DEPENDENCE?

With an Administration that is suspicious of American 'national interest,' every international undertaking must be closely scrutinized. Are we giving away our sovereignty?

PETER W. RODMAN

THE Clinton Administration has just completed an internal policy study on the U.S. role in international peacekeeping. The interagency study, initiated by a Presidential Review Directive, PRD-13, has given birth to a Presidential Decision Directive, PDD-25. This is the intellectual centerpiece of the Clinton foreign policy, for it is the Administration's answer to the fundamental question of how international security is to be maintained in the post–Cold War world. With the Soviet threat gone, and the United States eager to turn to domestic priorities, the Clinton answer is what UN Ambassador Madeleine Albright has called an "assertive multilateralism." A key element of this is the U.S. contribution to UN military efforts.

The new policy is replete with assurances about the centrality of U.S. national sovereignty, the tight control that a U.S. President will retain over any American personnel assigned to UN peacekeeping, and the strict criteria by which we will decide on our participation. "Tough conditions" are now attached, according to a glowing editorial in the *New York Times*, that will offer "considerable protection against involvements that misfire." But the year-long gestation of PDD-25 is a history of ambitious plans to expand the role of the UN as a global police force and to subordinate U.S. policy to UN mandates—plans from which the Administration retreated (in part) only after criticism from the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Congress. Thus, as in so many other aspects of this Administration's conduct, the moderation of the public presentation conceals an original intention that was far more radical, and the retreat seems more a tactical regrouping than a change of heart.

Mr. Rodman, an NR *senior editor, is based at the Center for Strategic and International Studies.*

Press accounts of early drafts of the study, in the summer of 1993, spoke of a "rapid expansion" of the UN's military capability, and of a formal acceptance of the idea of putting U.S. combat forces under UN command. Under Mr. Clinton's plan this latter policy was to be carried out only case by case—a degree of restraint which was said to disappoint the more eager members of his Administration. The highlight of the famous "Tarnoff Doctrine"—the background remarks by Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs Peter Tarnoff on May 25, 1993—was its stress that the United States would act multilaterally in the future, with only rare exceptions, because we allegedly no longer had the leverage, the influence, the inclination, or the resources to act by ourselves.

This was the philosophy that many of the Administration's most important figures brought with them when they entered office. Candidate Bill Clinton, in a speech at Georgetown University on December 12, 1991, said: "We need to shift that burden [of maintaining peace] to a wider coalition of nations of which America will be a part." Clinton called for ways to institutionalize "the UN's [*sic*] success" in Desert Storm, including a permanent UN Rapid Deployment Force.

Morton Halperin, now a senior National Security Council staffer, wrote on the subject in *Foreign Policy* (Summer 1993). While cross-border aggression could be resisted by unilateral means, other cases warranted a new approach:

> [T]he United States should explicitly surrender the right to intervene unilaterally in the internal affairs of other countries by overt military means or by covert operations. Such self-restraint would bar interventions like those in Grenada and Panama, unless the United States first gained the explicit consent of the international community acting through the [UN] Security Council or a regional organization.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN NAHIGIAN

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William Perry, now our nation's Secretary of Defense, contributed an even more sweeping concept to a recently published Brookings volume on how the world community could construct a "cooperative security regime." Perry outlined the "major restructuring and downsizing" of U.S. military forces that would accompany such a global regime: there would be a small permanent UN military force for peacekeeping duties; the United States would retain only the forces needed for protecting its national territory, plus a special capability (logistics, intelligence, and striking power) to be made available to multinational forces when needed.

When U.S. troops were in fact placed under foreign command for the first time, in both Somalia and Macedonia in 1993, members of the Administration were quoted as relishing the precedent being set. When 15 Americans died from friendly fire over Iraq this April, Vice President Al Gore offered his condolences to "the families of those who died in the service of the United Nations."

Since the departure of General Colin Powell as JCS Chairman, moreover, the bureaucratic balance of power in Washington has shifted back in favor of those who would commit U.S. forces to foreign operational control without the strict conditions Powell had fought for. The 1993 drafts of PDD-25 would have authorized U.S. field commanders to refuse to comply with UN orders they considered "militarily imprudent or unsound"; the policy as announced in 1994 apparently permits U.S. commanders only to report back to Washington on UN orders they consider illegal or beyond the agreed UN mandate.

A Very New Democrat

THIS disturbing record hangs like a dark cloud over all the reassurances in the new policy as finally unveiled. Once again the President's claim to be a centrist "New Democrat" is called into question by concrete policies. No one can doubt the value of cooperating with other nations, but this is an Administration that sees a great advance of civilization in American self-denial. American unilateralism is the principal sin to be avoided; our blood and treasure are to be spent only at the behest of others, not for anything so primitive as U.S. self-interest. This mushy multilateralism is another example of the apparently incurable liberal preoccupation with America's moral insufficiency.

This approach is objectionable on many grounds, perhaps most of all for its cavalier attitude to the notion of American sovereignty and guilt-ridden view of America's international role. But the doctrine that underlies PDD-25 is objectionable also on grounds of practicality and constitutional principle.

We see the practical results in places like Somalia and Bosnia. For one thing, the experience in Somalia suggests that the American people's tolerance for casualties varies directly with their perception that a concrete national interest is at stake, and not merely a broad humanitarian goal. The Administration's more expansive multilateralism thus turns out to be an elitist conceit that simply cannot sustain public support.

On the operational level, moreover, while the Administration's military fiascos in Somalia and Bosnia have many causes, one of them is clearly that U.S. decisions have been too much influenced by UN preferences as to where our forces should fight and how they should do it. Command and control have been paralyzingly complex; the competence of the UN in this regard is poor. Recent public backbiting between the U.S. Mission to the United Nations and the UN officials on the ground in Bosnia has been an embarrassment. Whichever side is right in these squabbles, the real question is: How did we get into this position?

Nor *should* the UN ever be strengthened to the point where it is capable of overriding sovereign decisions by a U.S. President, or forcing his hand. As a matter of constitutional principle, the subordination of U.S. forces and U.S. decisions to foreign command or control is simply not acceptable. Clinton officials invoke the examples of South Korea and Western Europe, where U.S. forces serve nominally under international command. But those examples are thoroughly misleading, for in Korea and Europe the UN or NATO general formally in charge has *always* been a double-hatted U.S. commander. There is no precedent for what the Clinton Administration's eager beavers are attempting, and they know it. The jurisdictional problem in PDD-25 will prove insoluble because the policy tries to fudge the cardinal principle: No U.S. President can delegate to foreign officials or institutions his constitutional responsibility as Commander-in-Chief.

Nor can the U.S. Congress delegate to foreign officials or institutions its own significant constitutional respon-

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sibilities in the national-security field. It would be ironic if Congress, after 25 years of struggling to build up its own role in decisions of war and peace, were to see it all slip away to the UN. These are fundamental issues of democratic accountability.

The United Nations, to be sure, can be a useful element of U.S. policy. UN peacekeeping has achieved some successes, and there are many tragic conflicts today (e.g., Rwanda) in which a United Nations peacekeeping force could be an appropriate response. In Desert Storm, President Bush showed how, with the end of the Cold War, the UN could be more helpful than in the past for mobilizing international support for U.S. objectives. But there should not be any doubt of how radical a departure the Clinton Administration would really like to bring about—if it can get away with it.

Therefore, its new doctrine and all its assurances cannot be accepted. There should be legislation that lays down clear principles and excludes categorically the wilder ideas with which some in the Administration have flirted. Congress should flatly reaffirm the constitutional prohibition of foreign command and control over U.S. combat forces and ensure the strictest accountability (and escape clauses) whenever U.S. military personnel are involved. If the United States is ever to carry a significant burden in any UN peacekeeping action, it must be on our own terms. Abdication of America's sovereign right to decide on matters of the use of force—and abdication of the U.S. responsibility of global leadership—cannot be permitted. □

Trading In Our Sovereignty?

JEREMY RABKIN

REPUBLICAN support provided the narrow margin of victory last fall for the North American Free Trade Agreement. Most observers predicted that Congress would have less difficulty endorsing the Uruguay Round of GATT, since it is a much less ambitious (though more general) mechanism for extending free trade. But it is now facing unexpected resistance. Still more surprisingly, conservatives are among the most vocal skeptics. Why?

Since its tentative beginnings in 1947, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) has evolved through successive trade-liberalization agreements (or "rounds," usually named after the conference sites where they were initiated). The latest agreement proposes to supersede the ramshackle machinery of GATT with a stronger, more orderly successor called the World Trade Organization.

Anything called a "world organization" raises hackles in some quarters, especially when liberals promise to link the "organization" to their broader "social concerns." House Republican Whip Newt Gingrich voiced such qualms succinctly: "I am for world trade but I am against world government."

Pat Buchanan expressed the point more belligerently: "The glittering bribe the globalists are extending to us is this: enhanced access to global markets—in exchange for our national sovereignty."

In fact, the Left has more reason to be fearful of trade liberalization, since enhanced international competition will undermine a whole range of controls that governments impose on their own economies. It fosters, in effect, a market in governments, allowing business to move from countries with burdensome constraints to those with more hospitable economic policies. That is why labor unions opposed NAFTA last year and why organizations like Ralph Nader's Trade Watch oppose the current Uruguay Round agreement. Similarly, expanded world trade—and strengthened policing powers for the WTO—should curb the ability of environmentalists to use trade sanctions as a club to force American environmental fads upon struggling nations in the developing world. Hence, Greenpeace is among the loudest opponents of the new GATT agreement.

Moving quickly to placate such critics, the Clinton Administration has joined a number of other governments in urging that the WTO should incorporate labor and environmental standards in subsequent trade norms. (There is almost nothing of the sort in the current agreement.) The Administration's proposals here parallel the tactic it pursued in the NAFTA debate, where Clinton arranged for the negotiation of ambiguous environmental and labor "side accords" in an effort (at least partly successful) to buy support from NAFTA critics on the Left. Of course, the Administration's proposals for the future direction of the WTO also are in keeping with its general confidence in the capacity of government to guide and "balance" economic development.

Champions of free trade, while warning against such manipulations of the WTO into the future, have been quick to endorse the general concept of the new trade organization. Economic analysts at both the American Enterprise Institute and the Heritage Foundation have applauded the agreement for bringing "the rule of law" to international trade. A paper recently circulated by the Heritage Foundation responds to concerns about American "sovereignty" by insisting that the WTO will "expand the sovereignty of American citizens" by reducing trade restrictions on the free choices available to businessmen and consumers.

This is too glib. There are, in general, good reasons

Mr. Rabkin is an associate professor of government at Cornell University.

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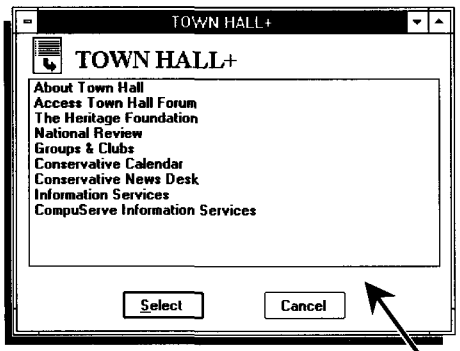

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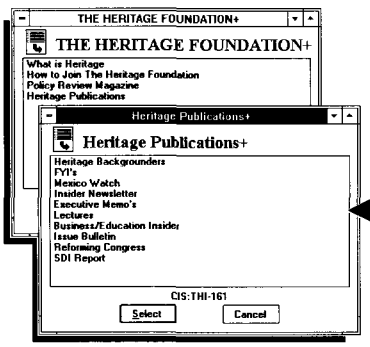

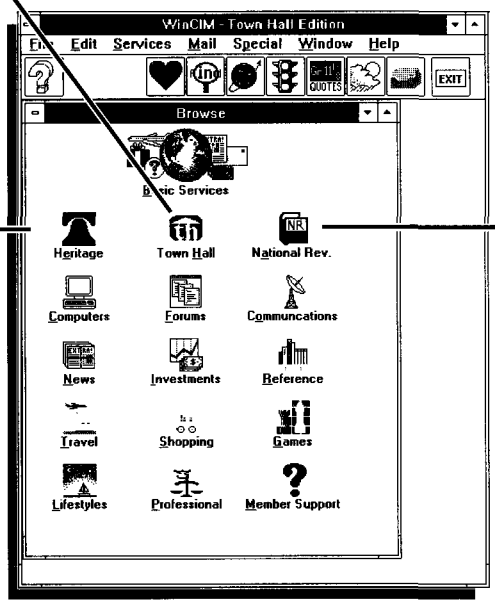

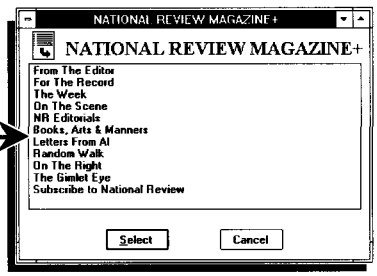

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for conservatives to worry about "sovereignty" in the old-fashioned sense of national self-determination. As Pat Buchanan senses, most Americans would probably be willing to sacrifice a significant portion of future growth if the alternative were to sacrifice a significant degree of national independence. Consumer sovereignty is all very well, but it is not something we will send our sons out to die for. And it is natural enough that historical conservative anxieties about "world government" have been reawakened by an Administration where the Secretary of State and even the Secretary of Defense have sometimes seemed to be taking their cues from the Secretary General of the United Nations.

But the notion that the WTO will threaten American sovereignty is more than doubtful. Individual governments have always had the power to try to force significant American trade concessions by imposing trade barriers of their own on imports from America. As the world's largest trading nation, it is clearly in our interest to regularize this system of tit-for-tat bargaining and reciprocal inducement.

GATT has long sponsored a system for resolving trade disputes between particular countries through arbitration panels, made up of internationally recognized trade experts. But the panel rulings were not formally binding, and if the party refused to accept the panel's conclusions, the other nation was essentially left to threaten—or impose—whatever retaliatory trade sanctions it judged best.

NAFTA established a similiar system of dispute resolution through arbitration panels but made the panel findings legally binding in the domestic law of each member nation. For the first time, American courts will be bound, under NAFTA, to enforce the decision of an international (or more often, binational) ruling against American trade officials.

The WTO is much more modest. It is not authorized to impose any additional sanction beyond that which individual nations, asserting their own grievances, may seek to impose. The WTO cannot organize an international trade embargo to punish recalcitrant states. And as the world's largest single importer as well as exporter, the United States is hardly a feasible target for such a global sanction in any case.

The effect of the new dispute-settlement machinery in the WTO will be to contain and clarify the consequences of refusing to comply. We may still refuse to comply with a panel judgment (as we have on occasion done in the past) and simply accept the complaining country's retaliatory measures as a tolerable price for continuing a particular disputed trade practice. Under the new system, the retaliatory response should, in fact, be more reliably confined by formalized norms of issue-linkage and proportionality.

The WTO will have no army to enforce its rulings. The agreement does not even pretend to be irreversible. It expressly allows any member state to withdraw on six months' notice and provides no means to enforce even that limited restriction on exiting. The WTO is not, in fact, a very dramatic departure from existing trade practices. It is a much less significant change than NAFTA was.

One at a Time, Please

WHILE the enhanced dispute-settlement powers of the WTO appear to be entirely unexceptionable, the new "legislative" powers—as they might be called—raise more valid concerns. But not to any great extent. Until now, international trade concessions have been negotiated in giant packages in successive GATT rounds, where governments committed themselves to accepting the entire package at one stroke. The new agreement may end this practice by authorizing the WTO to adopt "amendments" to the current agreement, one at a time. By this route, critics fear, governments that buy into the agreement for the sake of lower barriers may find the package has been amended to include labor and environmental standards that actually restrict trade. In contrast to the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, where voting is weighted by the scale of contributions (so that the U.S. has always had a dominant voice), the WTO may adopt amendments on a one-nation/one-vote basis. In principle, then, as Newt Gingrich says, the U.S. will have "no more weight than Bangladesh."

Here, too, the changes sound more dramatic than they are. The rules of procedure for the new WTO require a two-thirds vote before any further "amendment" can go into effect. Even then the amendment will bind only those nations that agree specifically to be bound by it. To force universal compliance, a three-quarters vote would be necessary, and the sanction for enforcing universal compliance is itself left unclear, beyond the specified possibility of expelling a member state (which still would not force any of the remaining members to impose different trade terms on the expelled nation). So, in practice, the U.S. is very likely to be able to opt out of any new rules it does not like.

In practical terms, moreover, the WTO is not likely to get very far in trying to develop a labor or environmental agenda even for willing nations. Under the GATT rounds, holdouts could be induced to swallow liberalization measures they did not like, in return for other concessions in the same package. The WTO, taking up "amendments" one at a time, will have much more difficulty adopting controversial measures. An ambitious environmental or labor agenda is sure to be very controversial.

Many conservatives associate pretentious international pronouncements on "social concerns" with the Third World. But on trade matters, most poor countries are fiercely opposed to the imposition of international standards that would restrain their own trade. When the U.S. proposed that the WTO take up labor standards, a hundred thousand people rioted in New Delhi to protest the threat of Western interference in India's economic affairs.

The real pressure to complicate international trade

(Continues on page 73)

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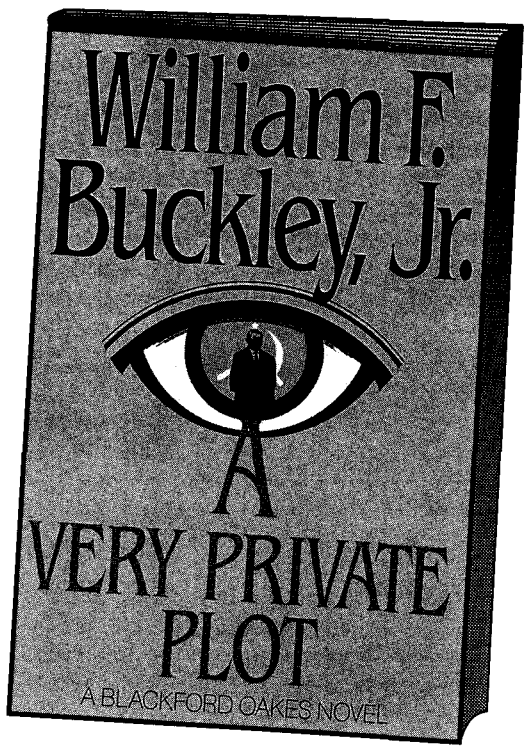

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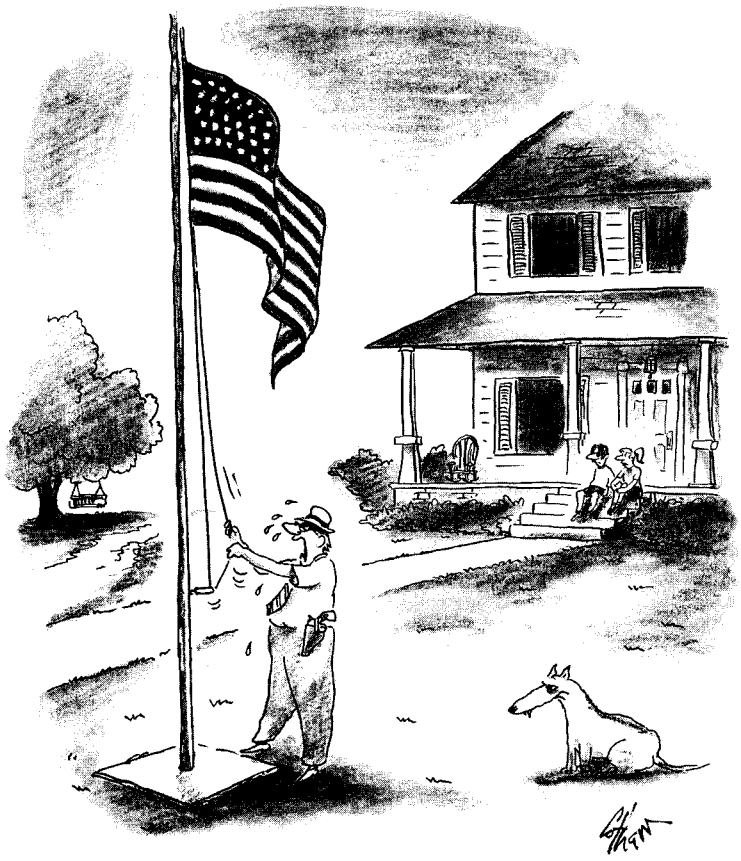
help

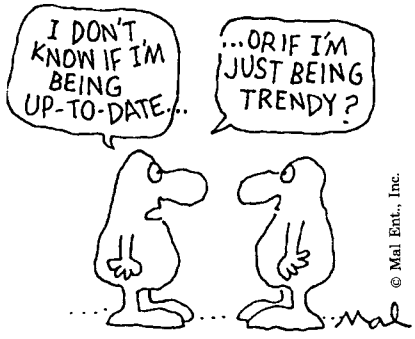
The Baptist Defense

Paula Jones, who, somewhat later,
Charges Clinton tried to date her
Through a trooper, now is suing;
Nor will scrubbing, bleach, or bluing
Whiten—though he needn't rue it
If the Devil made him do it.

W. H. VON DREELE



"Daddy hates people but loves the U.S.A."



"Senator, some of the little people are here to see you."

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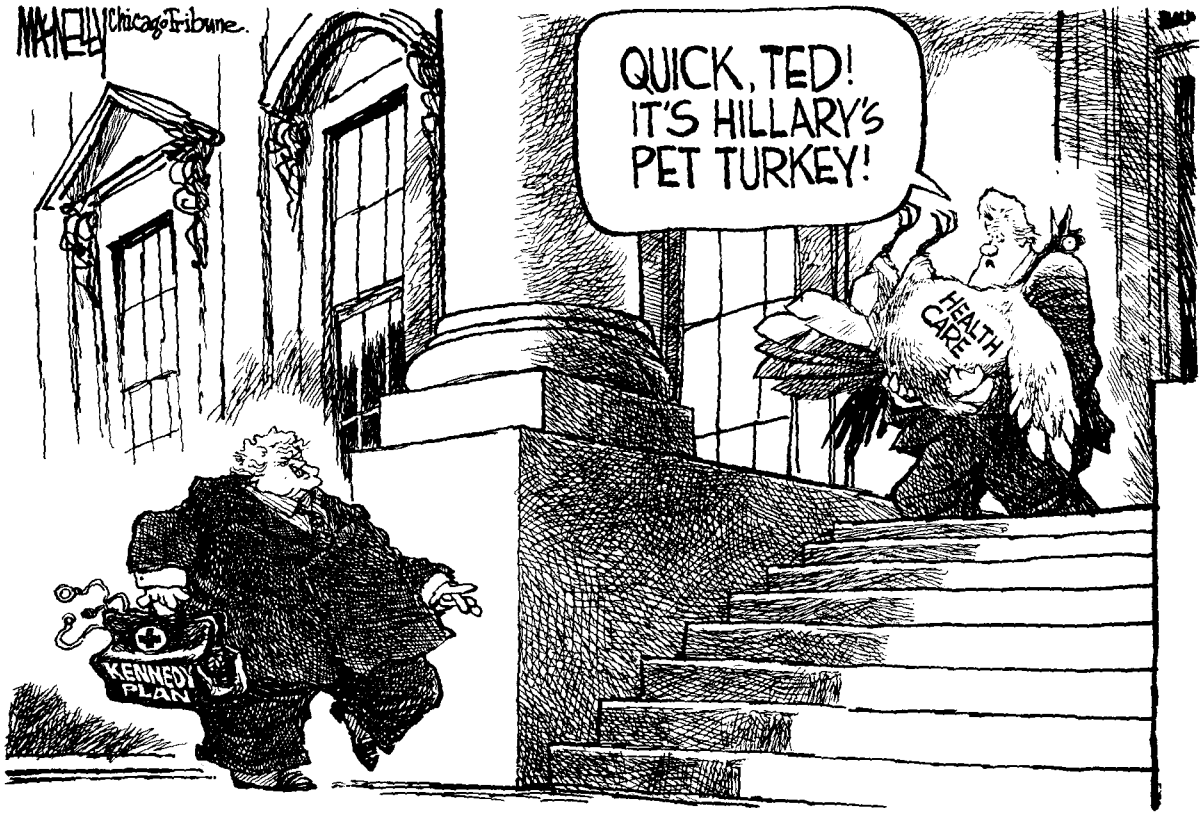

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Truth in Sentencing

JAILHOUSE BLUES

Federal judges seem infinitely solicitous of the inmates of state prisons, and nearly indifferent to their victims, past and future. How can law-abiding citizens begin to redress the balance?

WESLEY SMITH

IN 1989 Kenny Parker filed suit against Nevada state officials for "cruel and unusual punishment." His complaint? They had given him a jar of creamy peanut butter, whereas he had explicitly ordered chunky. One of Parker's jailmates—convicted first-degree murderer David Bean—is suing the state because the jeans he was given were too tight, "causing rashes and epileptic seizures." Another Nevada inmate, convicted child molester Chris Chapman, is suing for copies of the North American Man–Boy Love Association newsletter, as a matter of First Amendment rights. Iowa prisoner Art Hartsock, wanting to "see what I'm missing while I'm in here," has demanded greater access to pornography.

These "rights" violations seem less constitutional than comical, but they are taken seriously by the federal judiciary. In 1993, the nation's prisoners filed over 53,000 lawsuits in federal court, generally against state governments. While most cases are dismissed as frivolous, the litigation explosion has cost the states hundreds of millions of dollars in legal fees and in the costs of complying with the courts' orders. In 1993 Nevada alone spent about $700,000 in direct legal costs defending against suits like Parker's.

These legal costs, however, are dwarfed by the indirect costs on society as a whole. Most governors, state attorneys, and other criminal-justice officials say the prisoners'-rights movement is making state prisons ungovernable. And federally imposed prison population caps and other decrees aimed at alleviating "overcrowding" have forced the early release of tens of thousands of violent criminals.

Judicial Tsunami

IN 1966 prisoners filed 218 suits in federal court to remedy arguably inhumane treatment in federal, state, and county prisons. Then the federal judiciary opened the floodgates. By 1980 prisoner suits had increased twentyfold. In 1993 prisoners filed 53,713 lawsuits in federal courts—7,615 more suits than the Federal Government filed against criminals.

By 1993, four-fifths of all state prison systems and roughly one-third of the five hundred largest local jails were under federal-court supervision. And the courts are mostly not content to set broad guidelines for the states to interpret. In Arizona, for example, federal judges tell state prison officials the types of publications and typewriters they must buy for prisoners and the number of law clerks they must hire for the state's prison law libraries. (Delaware Attorney General Charles Oberly II says such rulings mean state prisoners have better access to law materials than he does.)

In South Carolina, Federal Judge James McMillan has given the state orders to purchase specific recreational equipment for prisoners, including three sets of horseshoe equipment, three guitars, five frisbees, fifty decks of playing cards, and a piano. In Alabama a federal judge orders the state to provide inmates air conditioning and televisions. In other states federal judges are seeing state-sponsored "cruel and unusual punishment" in prisons lacking basketball courts, weight rooms, televisions, workshops, or single-occupancy cells.

Under the guise of constitutional jurisprudence, the federal judiciary has aggressively replaced the criminal-justice policies of the fifty states with its own. Groups like the ACLU's National Prison Project argue that states must treat prisoners much as they do citizens at large. Federal judges have agreed; and in their pursuit to elevate the legal status of prisoners to that of law-abiding people, they have removed the concept of prison as punishment, and with it much of the deterrent effect of imprisonment.

Of course, prisoners have been quick to adopt this distorted view of their moral and legal status. An Illinois inmate demanded the right to use his cell as his place of residence for conducting drug-related activities. A Nevada inmate sued for the right to cross-dress, and 14 death-row inmates in California sued for the right to procreate through artificial insemination. Florida's Robert Procup sued when he got just one bread roll on his dinner plate, and sued again when prison officials failed to provide him a salad at

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lunch. When told by ABC's John Stossel that he was, after all, being punished, Procup replied, "Nobody sentenced me to punishment. They sentenced me to be separated from society"—a recurring theme of the prisoners'-rights movement. Procup was convicted of murder for cementing his business partner into a storage shed.

While federal judges see such decisions as principled constitutionalism, most prisoners see them as a weakness that demands to be exploited. Art Hartsock, the prisoner who won for himself and other inmates at Anamosa State Prison the right to view pornographic magazines, is now preparing for another suit. His reasoning: "Every dollar they spend fighting a lawsuit is a dollar they can't spend building a place to lock me up."

At age 15 Willie Bosket killed two New York subway riders "for the experience." He has also tried to kill two prison guards, which is why prison officials chain him to his cell door for five minutes each day before moving him. Of the chaining Bosket says, "I feel several things. I feel humiliated. I feel an affront to my dignity. I feel vulnerable." A federal court afforded him a jury trial to decide whether he would continue to be chained. At his trial Bosket told jurors his only regret was that he had not killed the guard. He vowed to kill again.

Most criminals show a psychology of denial for their criminal actions. Nevada Deputy Attorney General Anne Cathcart says criminals "come into prison denying any wrongdoing, and they are constantly presented with further reasons to blame others. Unlimited access to federal courts gives them an added tool to vent their anger and rebel against the system."

This undermines rehabilitation efforts generally, as prisoners quickly learn that contempt for the system is rewarded. But the federal bench has even prohibited specific state rehabilitation plans as violative of prisoners' rights. After Governor Gerald Baliles discovered in 1986 that 85 per cent of Virginia inmates were illiterate, he started a program that linked reading proficiency to early parole. The ACLU threatened suit, saying prisoners had a right to parole without literacy tests, so Baliles made the program voluntary and consequently much less successful. Governor Fife Symington thought pornography might not be healthy for Arizona inmates, many of whom are sex offenders, so he decided last January to prohibit all porno-

Creating the Revolving Door

AS THE House and Senate meet in conference to reach a compromise on the Crime Bill, they are focusing on the two most widely debated provisions of the House version: the ban on various assault weapons and the Racial Justice Act, which allows the use of racial statistics to overturn death-penalty cases.

Less noticed but potentially far more significant is the Hughes Amendment, which could seriously affect the ability of state law-enforcement officials to reduce crime. Offered by New Jersey Congressman William Hughes, the provision puts state corrections under the virtual control of bureaucrats at the Justice Department and discourages states from keeping violent criminals behind bars.

In order to receive federal funds under Hughes, states must create an "integrated approach" to corrections that maintains an "appropriate" balance between the traditional imprisonment of convicted criminals and more modern rehabilitation programs that allow criminals earlier access to society. Of course the "appropriate" nature of the balance will be decided by the U.S. attorney general, who has sole discretion to deny funds to any state not meeting the new correctional standards.

The Hughes approach has been hard for state and local law-enforcement officials to swallow, as they are already seeing one-third of all crimes in their jurisdictions committed by criminals out on parole or probation, thanks to encroachment into state prison administration by the federal courts. Hughes would give the Justice Department a baseball bat to wield against states that choose to reduce crime by insulating society from convicted criminals. Advocates of the bill say there is no bat, because the program is purely voluntary—the states can opt out of federal funds if they choose. But this is not politically realistic, with the crime wave straining most state and local law-enforcement budgets.

The $3 to $13 billion in funds available to the states can be leveraged by the Justice Department to guarantee dramatic results. In 1974 Senator Birch Bayh believed juvenile criminals should not be punished for most crimes, and proposed a bill, which passed, that withheld funds from states that did not agree. Despite objections from juvenile-court judges, district attorneys, and police, juvenile justice systems were completely restructured in all fifty states, even when sometimes as little as $200,000 in federal funds was at stake. The result was a dramatic increase in crime by violent repeat juvenile offenders. Almost all the recent Florida tourist killings, and the murder of Michael Jordan's father, were committed by violent repeat juvenile offenders freed under systems created on the Bayh model, at a time when Congress, just as now, vowed to "get tough on crime."

After a decade-long debate over root causes and rehabilitation, one hard fact remains: criminals cannot commit crimes if they are in prison. The numbers are clear. If states or localities reduce the number of violent criminals on parole, crime statistics drop. In Houston's 6th district, constable Victor Trevino and his volunteer "Zebra" squad have rounded up over three thousand violent criminals on parole since 1991; over that same period, crimes committed by that group of criminals had dropped 60 per cent. Last year overall crime in their precinct dropped 10 per cent, while Houston overall experienced a 20 per cent increase. Governors like California's Pete Wilson and Virginia's George Allen are trying to emulate states like Utah, that have tough parole policies, and relatively low crime rates. But Hughes will change all that. —JAMES WOOTTON

Mr. Wootton is founder and president of the Safe Streets Alliance.

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graphic materials in the state's prisons. That sounded reasonable to Arizona citizens, but Federal Judge Muecke didn't agree; he has begun contempt hearings against the state.

Each to His Own Religion

FEDERAL encroachment took a dramatic leap forward last November when Congress passed the Religious Freedom Restoration Act. RFRA severely limits the power of government to restrict a prisoner's religious activities.

Before RFRA, a state could restrict certain practices in prison to maintain order. For instance, Illinois forbade inmates belonging to Aryan Nation's religious arm, the Church of Jesus Christ Christian, to distribute literature calling for the extermination of Jews and blacks. In 1992 they sued the state for the right to do so. Shortly after RFRA became law, they amended their complaint with newfound RFRA rights. Under this new standard Illinois will almost certainly lose. Susan O'Leary, deputy chief legal counsel for the state, predicts that this will incite riots in Illinois prisons, which have a 66 per cent black population.

In 1987, the followers of Yahweh Ben Yahweh and his "Temple of Love" demanded the right to distribute hate literature among inmates and lost in court. They are now suing again under RFRA and have already won at the district-court level. The Temple of Love, like Aryan Nation, is seeking attorney fees and monetary damages for religious rights denied them before RFRA even became law. These remedies do not take into account the costs to the states of hiring additional guards or building new cells to separate these inmates from others for their protection.

Even before RFRA, some federal courts were reluctant to define what constitutes a genuine religion. A federal court in 1974 declared The Church of the New Song a religion; this church requires Harvey's Bristol Cream, filet mignon, and marijuana for its religious ceremonies. In Indiana inmates calling themselves the Black Gangster Disciples are claiming a "new Muslim" status, even though prison officials believe their aim is to infiltrate their gang into the older Muslim group. In Colorado, inmate Robert Howard, a practicing Satanist, is suing for the right to religious materials including the Satanic Bible, passages of which command the sacrificing of a "preferably Christian" female virgin and the using of candles made from the fat of unbaptized babies. With RFRA, states will have little discretion in restricting so-called religious activities such as these in order to maintain security.

Religion-based demands for special diets are particularly costly to the states. Nevada Attorney General Frankie Sue del Papa says providing a special religious diet winds up adding 65 per cent to the total cost of imprisoning one inmate. California Attorney General Dan Lungren estimates that if only 2 per cent of the national inmate population demands special religious diets, it will cost the states at least $177 million annually.

Even if a state ultimately wins such a case, its taxpayers still lose. Since RFRA allows a state to restrict a religious practice only in a way that is least burdensome to the prisoner, few courts will be able to dismiss frivolous claims on summary judgment. Evidentiary hearings, expert witnesses, and transportation of prisoners and state's witnesses to the hearings will be required to determine if the state is using a "least restrictive" penology. And since RFRA applies retroactively, cases already won by states will be relitigated.

According to a Senate staffer who worked to modify RFRA, "Congress imagined Baptist preachers holding Bible studies in prison. Who could be against that? They failed to realize it would be Satanists, white supremacists, and those wanting better lunches that would really take advantage of RFRA protections." Of course, the more reasonable inmate requests that RFRA was aimed at protecting, like Bible classes, were rarely denied. And now, since all "religions" will be entitled to equal treatment, states will be forced to eliminate legitimate religious programs in order to avoid suits by other "religious" groups demanding equal funding.

"The senator is out right now, but perhaps I can dodge some of your questions."

The Ignored Right

AS THE definition of prisoners' rights has mushroomed, basic constitutional rights like personal safety have actually diminished. Prisons have become more violent than ever before, and America's streets have become more dangerous, as federal judges force the early release of violent criminals to reduce "cruel and unusual" overcrowding.

Although the Supreme Court in *Rhodes* v. *Chapman* declared double bunking was not, per se, cruel and unusual, it reaffirmed the right of the federal judiciary to decide the constitutionality of state prison conditions by looking at the "totality of the circumstances." By the early 1980s the lower federal courts had begun to set prison population limits that forced the release of prisoners by the tens of thousands in the following years.

After a court in 1981 imposed a population cap in Texas prisons, the state parole board increased early releases by over 400 per cent, with inmates serving an average of 2 months for every year sentenced. This was followed by a 29 per cent surge of crime in Texas during the next decade, at a time when crime decreased nationally. The courts also mandated population reductions in county jails in Texas and across the country, forcing them to increase pre-trial releases. In Cook County, Illinois, almost 30,000 accused criminals are released before trial each year for this reason. Of that group, 67 per cent are rearrested on felony charges before their cases come to trial, over 25 per cent of them for violent crimes.

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The personal tragedies this federal policy has created are reported with numbing frequency in the nation's newspapers. Last June, Loran Cole, like other "nonviolent" criminals, was released early from a Florida prison to alleviate overcrowding; he had served only 18 months of a 66-month sentence for grand theft. Eight months later Cole was charged with the murder of John Edwards, an 18-year-old student at Florida State, and the kidnapping and rape of Edwards's sister. In Texas, Michael Blair served 18 months of a 10-year sentence for burglary and indecency with an 11-year-old girl (his actual crime, sexual assault, had been plea-bargained down). While still on parole in 1993, he raped and murdered 7-year-old Ashley Nicole Estell after kidnapping her from a park in an upscale Dallas community. Had he served even half his time, Blair would have been in prison on the day Ashley and her family went to the park. Kenneth McDuff was convicted and sentenced to death in 1968 for first-degree murder, for killing three teenagers execution style. McDuff's death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment when the Supreme Court outlawed capital punishment in 1972. This made him eligible for parole, which he got in 1989. Since then, he has been linked to the rape and murder of four women.

Just the threat of court-ordered releases has been enough to push state parole boards to release prisoners early. Between 1983 and 1993 the Georgia parole board released 36,006 violent and sex offenders—including 2,772 multiple sex offenders—after they had served an average of 36 per cent of their sentences. In 1989, Governor Joe Frank Harris released 13,000 "nonviolent" prisoners under an emergency program to reduce prison populations when inmates threatened federal lawsuits. Since then the Georgia parole board has accelerated thousands of paroles. Although the parole board insists the released prisoners were "nonviolent," Clayton County Superior Court Judge Kenneth Kilpatrick says the early release of even nonviolent felons increases both nonviolent and violent crime, because short imprisonment suggests to criminals that any crime brings light punishment.

According to Department of Justice statistics, three-fourths of all violent

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criminals convicted in 1989 were back on the streets by December of 1993. Safe Streets Alliance President James Wootton [see sidebar, page 41] points out that 3.2 million criminals are out on parole or probation. Even modest early releases have been devastating. A study in Illinois in the early 1980s found that 21,000 prisoners released just 3 months early committed 23 homicides, 32 rapes, 262 arsons, 681 robberies, 2,472 burglaries, and 2,572 assaults during that 3-month period. Nationally, almost one-third of all violent crimes are committed by criminals on parole or pre-trial release. The federal courts have no apparent concern for the victims, however, but focus exclusively on the injustices they perceive as being committed against prisoners.

A Return to Sanity

ALTHOUGH Congress is now posturing as the field marshal in the war on crime, it has done little to halt federal judicial intervention, and has actively undermined state criminal justice through legislation like RFRA. Congressmen Charles Canady (R., Fla.), Preston Geren (D., Tex.), and others are pushing for amendments to the 1994 crime bill that would prevent federal judges from using one prisoner's suit to take over administration of an entire prison, would prohibit federally imposed population caps, and would impose fees on prisoners filing suit. Many states are considering reforms of their own, such as delaying parole for prisoners who filed fraudulent or malicious suits, and are urging Congress to pass legislation requiring that all state grievance procedures be exhausted before a federal suit can be filed.

These proposals, however, will not substantially reduce existing caseloads, since inmates have little incentive not to sue as long as the federal courts waive most court fees for inmates and continue to entertain frivolous suits. These solutions will fail because they ultimately rely on the discretion of federal judges, who are not accountable to the states or their citizens for their actions and who reveal an outright contempt for self-governance.

If Congress wants to make a meaningful contribution to criminal-justice reform, it should dramatically limit federal-court jurisdiction over state prison administration. Article III of the Constitution gives Congress this power. If senators and congressmen refuse to use it, they should be held accountable by the voters for the foolish decisions of the federal judiciary in releasing criminals to rape and murder a second, third, and fourth time.

But there is no indication that Congress is willing to do so; therefore the states themselves will need to take matters into their own hands. They may be forced to confront Washington, as Governor Symington is doing in defying the federal court order that allows pornography in Arizona's prisons.

Governors like Symington, Mike Leavitt of Utah, and George Allen of Virginia, and hundreds of other state and local law-enforcement officials, see the current fight over control of state prisons as a small part of a larger problem. The federal judiciary's activism stems from an abstract theory of individual rights that disregards the rights of the community. Deliberately detached from the effects of their decisions on society, federal judges have acted as if they intended to strip communities of any power to defend themselves.

As recently elected Virginia Attorney General James Gilmore has said, it is the states' responsibility to make streets "as safe for our children as it was for us when we were growing up." The success of that agenda will be determined in large measure by the power of the states to free themselves from Washington's control. □

Campaign Reform

THE INCUMBENT PROTECTION BILL

Various provisions really would level the playing field. That's not quite what Congress wants.

DAN GREENBERG

ONCE again, it is campaign-reform season on Capitol Hill. Congressmen are busily crafting a campaign-reform bill with an arcane mixture of regulations, subsidies, spending limits and new taxes—but this time, there is a difference. In 1992 campaign reformers were free to propose measures designed essentially for public relations, secure in the knowledge that the President would veto whatever they produced. But the new President has enthusiastically signaled his intention to sign into law any campaign reform that Congress places before him. This explains the delicate, secret, internal negotiations that Congress has been conducting for months.

The most significant recent congressional reforms—the disclosure of signatures on congressional discharge petitions and the institution of term limits in 15 states—have not been the result of efforts by the congressional leadership; they have been engineered by rank-and-file congressmen or by activists beyond the Beltway. In fact, the congressional leadership bitterly fought such measures whenever possible: the leadership convinced some supporters of discharge-petition reform to remove their names from the petition in question, and authorized the use of public funds to fight against term limits in court. The leadership's goal is obvious: its members wish to entrench themselves by removing any possibility of a fair fight in public view—both between incumbents and challengers and between the majority-

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party leadership and pro-reform congressmen of both parties.

When thinking about campaign reform, it's helpful to step back for a moment and consider what a campaign is. Essentially, it's a winner-take-all fight—an electoral fight, but a fight all the same (note the military derivation of the term). How to reform fights between candidates? Presumably, we should make them as fair as possible. The 93 per cent incumbent–re-election rate in November 1992 (that vaunted anti-incumbent year) suggests that incumbents have sizable advantages—like taxpayer-financed mass mailings, travel allowances that fund a trip back to the district each weekend, abundant media coverage granted by reporters often too lazy to do anything more than retype a press release, and scores of staffers to ghostwrite letters, secure federal grants, and otherwise burnish the Member's image in the district. The top priority of any campaign-reform package should be to remove those advantages.

On this view, the campaign-reform bills that are working their way through Congress are disappointing, though hardly surprising. Like any entrenched class, congressional Democrats wish to hold their advantages in perpetuity. Therefore, instead of diminishing the tremendous electoral advantages that incumbents already have, the Democrats' campaign-reform bill aims to build on them.

The centerpiece of the bills both the House and the Senate have produced is a limit on the amount that congressional candidates can spend. But the spending caps are equal for challengers and incumbents, failing to take into account the tremendous incumbent advantages described above. Twenty years ago, the Supreme Court declared that spending caps are an unconstitutional limit on First Amendment freedom; hence the bills call those caps "voluntary." But if a candidate exceeds the cap, his opponent receives hundreds of thousands of dollars in federal subsidies or discounts on advertising and mailings. Furthermore, the Senate version of the bill mandates a 34 per cent tax on the campaign receipts of candidates who do not comply with voluntary limits. The ingeniousness of these taxes and penalties is that—since it takes a substantial amount of spending just to reach parity with incumbents' natural

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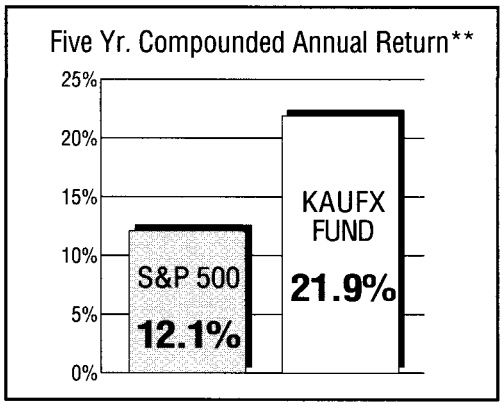

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advantages in media access and name recognition—incumbents won't have to break the limit; challengers will.

Most challengers who avoid the problem by running cheaper campaigns will be effectively disarmed. A third of the House challengers who spent $400,000 to $600,000 were elected in 1992. Of challengers who made it over $600,000, half won. While Congress is still debating the exact figure at which the spending limit would be set, it is likely to be just at the point where challengers start to become dangerous.

Spending caps, which ostensibly are responding to the fact that too much money is spent on political campaigns, are ultimately a solution in search of a problem. Campaign spending continues to increase because the value of what candidates get when they win—a legislative seat—is increasing. Such spending will decrease when the power of the Federal Government does, and not before. It's important to realize, though, that campaign spending is a drop in the bucket compared to other portions of the economy: as George Will has noted, the $678 million that congressional candidates spent on elections in 1992 is "about 40 per cent of the sum Americans spent on yogurt."

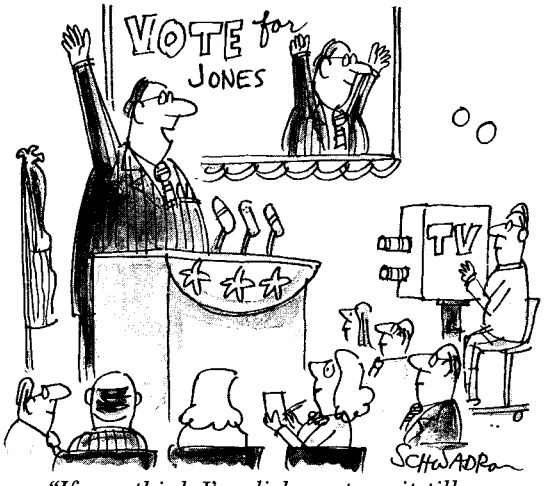
The campaign-reform bill also fails to do anything significant about those oft-demonized sources for campaign coffers, "soft money"—for example, money given to a political party rather than directly to a candidate—and political-action committees (PACs). While "soft money" contributions are rightly stigmatized, the bills do nothing about the real problem: undisclosed money from special interests, such as the $430 million that unions pumped into congressional campaigns last year.

PACs pose a different problem. PAC clout derives from the fact that each committee is permitted to donate $5,000 in each race, while individual donors are limited to a fifth of that amount. There are currently bitter fights in Congress about how much to reduce the maximum that a PAC can donate to a campaign, but such a move would be in precisely the wrong direction. The appropriate measure would be to *raise* the limits of individual contributors so as to place them on the same footing as PACs. Hampering PACs will only further insulate legislators from democratic pressures.

Leveling the Field

THOSE WHO genuinely want to see a fair electoral fight should work for reform in these areas:

The congressional frank. In 1992, Congress appropriated $112 million for mail—an average, per term, of $368,000 for each representative and $1.9 million for each senator. This pays for repeated mass mailings that are often little more than pro-incumbent advertising. Less than a tenth of the mountain of constituent mail is in response to constituent inquiries. A rule that Members of Congress could respond to constituent correspondence but could not initiate it would do more for campaign reform than any measure that is currently being debated.



"If you think I'm *dishonest, wait till you see my opponent."*

Constituent service. Members of Congress are eager to dedicate greater and greater portions of their, and their staffs', time and resources to helping constituents find their way around the Federal Government. This is because casting difficult votes on national policies will always displease some constituents, but ensuring the re-issuance of the lost Social Security check is a win–win situation for the Member and the constituent. Constituent-service staffs should be sharply reduced, with provisions for addressing citizen complaints by ombudsmen or other institutions.

Challenger fundraising. Special interests have figured out that the smart money is on the incumbent, and they donate accordingly. In 1992 in House races, for instance, less than 10 per cent of PAC funds went to candidates challenging incumbents. If any change is made to contribution limits, it should be to raise them—especially for challengers. The size and source of any political contribution—including all "soft money"—should be fully disclosed. Finally, campaign treasury surpluses should be disallowed for use in other campaigns, forbidding the accumulation of permanent war chests.

Term limits. Although campaign reform is no substitute for term limits, term limits would do much for real campaign reform. They would ensure a steady flow of competitive open-seat races; they would diminish incumbent fundraising advantages, which depend on the perception that incumbents will hold their seats in perpetuity; they would foster increased political action by ordinary citizens and political responsiveness by candidates.

Perhaps most important, term limits would end the era of the permanent campaign. A 1990 *Los Angeles Times* analysis of campaign spending found that over half of it was by incumbents with little or no opposition. The purpose of such spending is to reinforce the substantial barriers to entry by challengers. Term limits dismantle these permanent campaigns.

One question remains: Where will the money for the campaign-reform bill's public subsidies come from? This is a subject of bitter fighting between senators and representatives delegated to produce a compromise version. The Senate's taxation of candidates who exceed "voluntary" spending limits at least faces the fact that the money must come from somewhere. Not so the House, which was so dismayed by the widespread public hostility to taxpayer financing of political campaigns that its own bill refuses to designate a revenue source, stating only that another bill must be passed which will pay for campaign reform or else the package will not be enacted. That legislative scheme permits House Members to be in favor of reform even if no revenue bill passes and thus no legislation occurs.

Chicanery is not confined to the House. The Senate version contains

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a "non-severability" clause, which means that if any portion of the bill is found unconstitutional, the entire bill falls. A public-interest lobbyist told me that he knows of two cases—one involving a Democratic senator, one a Republican—in which the senator amended the bill in a way his staff had told him was grossly unconstitutional. It is hard to escape the conclusion that such behavior indicates a wish to take credit for reform and let the Supreme Court do the dirty work of eliminating it.

Nearly everyone is familiar with Samuel Johnson's dictum, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Not so with Roscoe Conkling's rejoinder. Conkling, a New York political figure of the turn of the century and a bit of a scoundrel himself, responded that Johnson had overlooked the possibilities of the word "reform." We would all do well to keep Conkling's warning in mind when we see incumbent politicians professing to reform the procedures that will govern their re-election. □

Russia & Neighbors

DANCING WITH BEARS

The West wishes to help, but doesn't understand how, or whom.

JAMES SHERR

REALPOLITIK is back. But it is still not "in." Since the elections of December 1993 sent Russia's "shock therapists" packing, it has become safe, indeed obligatory, to worry about Russia's internal course. Discord over Yugoslavia and, more recently, NATO's "Partnership for Peace" have now extended these worries to foreign policy. But who is worrying about Western policy? Governments insist that it continues to be "reviewed," but resist any suggestion that it be reconsidered.

Regrettable this might be; surprising it is not. In today's world, a reassessment of policy toward Russia would be a trying and ticklish exercise. Where governments have not viewed the "collapse of Communism" as an opportunity to turn to domestic issues, their electorates have. Agendas are fixed, and plates are full. Moreover, in countries where sound-bites fall as thick and fast as hailstones, who would be able to distinguish between the "end of partnership" and the "return of Cold War"? Who in fact would be able to guarantee that a firm response to Russia's new assertiveness would not finish off Russia's "democrats" and put Russia's neo–Cold Warriors in control? The sum total of politics, uncertainty, and anxiety is, therefore, inertia.

We should know better. The inertia of the decent merely cedes ground to the unscrupulous. Today, it is ceding ground not only to Russian imperialists, but also to Russocentric political forces in the former Soviet republics and in East–Central Europe. Fear of Russia and resentment of Western rejection are grist to the mill of these forces. The line that Russia has peddled since 1992—"The West will not take you"—is finally bearing fruit. In the words of a Russian commentator, Vitaly Portnikov:

> It has become obvious that the West is prepared to help Eastern Europe, but has no burning desire to integrate with it. . . . Therefore, Moscow only has to use the difficulties of the East European countries. . . . Against this background, the development of special relations between Moscow and Bratislava exists, and the real possibility of such relations between Moscow and Bucharest, Warsaw, Sofia, and, possibly, Prague and Budapest. There is no point in stating the obvious: when the war ends in Yugoslavia, Serbia could easily end up in this sphere too.

If the absence of this "burning desire" is becoming "obvious" in Russia, most Russians would be astounded to learn the cause of it: our fear that if we "took" Eastern Europe, we would lose Russia itself. Yet who is to say that Russia is ours to win? The unpalatable fact is that Russian imperialism and its corollary, anti-Western sentiment, have grown at a time when "helping Russia" has been not only the basis of our policy toward Russia, but a key constraint upon our policies elsewhere. Throughout this time, the West's sole crime has been granting Russia $10 billion in aid rather than the $28 billion offered—and to Russian nationalists, the crime has been the aid granted as much as the aid deferred. Unless we understand these facts—and, more importantly, the explanation for them—our relations with both Russia and East–Central Europe are almost bound to deteriorate.

Good-Bye to Romanticism

THE ROOT of the problem lies in the West's romantic image of democratic Russia and the romantic expectations that go with it. Unlike Tsarist Russia after 1917, her Communist successor in 1991 did not experience a classical revolution. It experienced a collapse, partly spontaneous and partly engineered by the pillars of the old regime itself. Unlike postwar Germany, post–Cold War Russia did not experience defeat, occupation, and the loss of her sovereignty. Germany's democrats were immeasurably helped by these uncompromising laboratory conditions; nevertheless, the integration of Adenauer's Germany proved to be a ten-year undertaking. If a model exists for Yeltsin's Russia, it lies not in Adenauer's Germany, but in the Germany we would have encountered had the July 1944 plotters against Adolf Hitler succeeded. To be sure, we would have regarded such a "national patriotic" Germany very differently from the way we regarded Nazi Germany. But we would never have considered her "one of us."

The beginning of wisdom is to grasp that post-Communist Russia is a schizophrenic state and not a trans-

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formed one. It has not made a clean sweep of its governing classes or of its core institutions. Committed radicals maneuver for power and survival alongside disillusioned supporters of the old regime, makeover reactionaries, and legions of "flexible men." The Party apparatus and planning ministries have been dissolved, only to reappear under new labels and with similar functions. The armed forces and the security and intelligence services have been pruned rather than purged, and while their morale has been shaken, their ethos is largely intact. Indeed, as disillusionment grows, the trend toward tradition and away from transformation has only become stronger—as the victory of Chernomyrdin's "centrists" and the emergence of "the government of the lobbies" shows.

In these conditions, the key issue was never whether the shock-therapists were right, but whether Russia possessed a political class with the weight, and ability, to put their policies into effect. In the absence of such a class, the key danger was always that congenitally cynical Russians would become as disillusioned with "capitalism" as they were with "socialism."

'Us' and 'Them'

THE REALITY has been mixed, but far from comforting. In cold economic terms, many, though far from all, radical reforms are succeeding. Nevertheless, the *vlasti* ("powers") have used these reforms to enrich themselves, with the result that the gap between "us" and "them" remains as wide as ever. In December 1993, Vladimir Zhirinovsky triumphed to the extent that he did because he turned the election into a referendum about "them":

> There are nine political blocs, and eight of them are headed by members of the former Communist Party . . . Look how cunning they are. They artificially divide themselves up for you. . . . They were all running things and continue to do so. And you see the results every day.

If, from the perspective of Russia's democrats, we have not done enough to help them, from an ordinary Russian's perspective we have done too much, confirming suspicions that Russia's turmoil has fattened our wallets and advanced our geopolitical interests. At the least, our well-publicized if poorly directed "help" has revived the age-old Russian axiom that Western models and values are irrelevant, and indeed deleterious, to Russia.

For these reasons and others, schizophrenia is also the dominant reality in Russia's foreign policy. The Russian Federation bases that policy on revolution against the USSR as well as continuity with it. As a democratic and revolutionary state, it claims a right to a transformed relationship with its former adversaries; as the legal successor to the Soviet Union, it claims the former's Great Power privileges and, increasingly, its "traditional zones of influence." These revolutionary and traditional aims were most recently in evidence when Yeltsin, during his visit to Germany, demanded that Russia receive "special treatment" in Partnership for Peace in accordance with its "special status."

As NATO's positive response to Yeltsin shows, the schizophrenia has its uses. Nevertheless it also reflects a tough interplay of forces in Russia. The foreign policy of the Russian Federation reflects the views not only of its Ministry of Foreign Affairs (MFA), but also of the presidential apparatus, the Federation Council, the international, defense, security, and "geopolitical" committees of the State Duma, Foreign Intelligence (SVR), the armed forces, military intelligence (GRU), and several bizarrely named entities (e.g., the Ministry of Nationalities and Ethnic Policy) which have an extensive international brief. The nominal coordinator of these inputs, the Russian Federation Security Council, has been branded alternatively an "Aeropagus" and Politburo, owing to its secretiveness, the size of its staff, and the extent of its powers.

Conventional wisdom holds that the Foreign Ministry is the good fairy amid this "multi-voicedness" (*mnogogolosiye*). Like much conventional wisdom, the proposition is partially true, but not true enough. The Foreign Ministry has been changing, in response not only to its political opponents, but also to criticism from within. But despite these changes, the MFA remains what it has been for some eight years: a Gorbachevian institution, dedicated to "new thinking" in foreign policy. While "new thinking" was enlightened, it was not always benign. From the start of Gorbachev's rule, "new thinkers" sought to achieve through weakness and conciliation what strength and intimidation had not achieved: the "restructuring" of international relations and, through that, the self-dissolution of "the West" as a politico-military entity. In the latter half of Gorbachev's rule, however, the aims of "new thinking" became more defensive, more ambitious, and more parasitical: the USSR would be *integrated* into the West, not only to transform the West, but also to preserve the USSR itself.

Outside, Inside

BY 1992, this establishment, which Boris Yeltsin inherited, viewed Western integration as the antidote to internal disintegration, not only of the former Soviet Union, but of the multinational Russian Federation itself. More specifically, there were great—and in retrospect, hallucinatory—hopes that Western assistance and the admission of Russia to "Western structures" (e.g., G-7, the Council of Europe) would not only rescue Russia, but rebuild it. Once again, as in the 1920s and mid 1980s, the purpose of Russian foreign policy was to create an external climate conducive to the implementation of *internal* policy.

Paradoxically, this led to the neglect of problems closer to home. Yet the neglect of the former Soviet republics—which, by early 1992, Russians were calling their "near abroad"—did not arise out of indifference, let alone the conviction that it was fitting that Ukraine, Belarus, or the Baltic countries should become fully independent states. It arose out of confidence. Russia's self-proclaimed liberals understood as well as anyone else that the old Soviet Union was designed to be as interdependent as a straitjacket; they also understood that the new post-Soviet states were not normal states, but vulnerable entities, saddled with lopsided economies, dominated as much as Russia was by *homo sovieticus*, and menaced in many cases by a large and incitable Russian diaspora. Optimism also arose from faith in Russia's economic reforms and the "magnetic" effect they would have on those who had broken away. In sum, as Yeltsin's State Secretary Eduard Bubulis put it, there was a "logic"

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that would "bring the former Soviet republics back again our way."

Nevertheless, the reality in the "near abroad" was not helplessness but disruption and defiance. Fatefully, the institution to bear the brunt of it was not the MFA, but the army. With some 300,000 troops in the non-Russian republics, the army found itself making policy by default. It, however, was not a "new thinking" institution. To the contrary, in T. S. Eliot's words, it had been forced to endure "too much reality," scrambling to adjust first to the loss of the Warsaw Pact and then of the Soviet Union itself. Whereas "new thinkers" viewed the West as indispensable to reconstruction, the army viewed it as the instigator of disintegration. Whereas "new thinkers" preached the irrelevance of force, the army in Moldova, the Caucasus, and Central Asia was daily finding proof of the opposite.

By the time Yeltsin read the riot act to the Foreign Ministry in October 1992 for its "unbalanced approach" to Russia's interests, the MFA was already beginning to re-examine its own assumptions. Rather than progressing, Russia's reforms were floundering. Given these disappointments, Foreign Ministry liberals themselves had admitted that "collective pressure," "divide and influence" policies, and "means of force" would have far more influence on events than economic "magnets." What is more, who could still claim that the West had the will or ability to make Russia's reforms work? Who, on the other hand, could claim that the West would not "tolerate" Russian toughness toward its neighbors? Far from being intolerant, the incoming Clinton national-security team endorsed a Russian "Monroe Doctrine" almost before Russia had proposed one.

The result of this re-examination is the focused, more integrated, and "stepped up" foreign policy that we see at present. This policy, in the words of Yeltsin's press secretary, Vyacheslav Kostikov, is "calculating and crafty." It is built upon considerable success in establishing relations of "firm good neighborliness" with much of the "near abroad," and upon a modicum of success in reconstructing Russian military power.

Owing to its reluctant politicization and its deplorable conditions of service, the army remains the wild card in

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BIG GOVERNMENT
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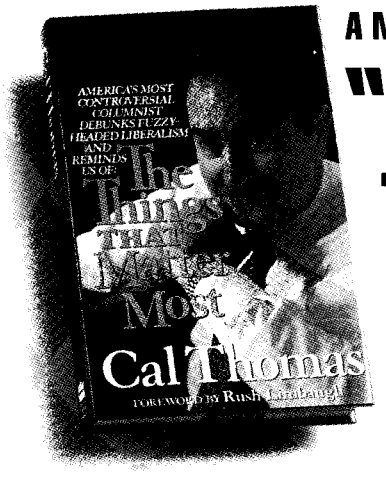
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Russia's emerging "civil accord." An army of "ruins and debris" which had to abandon its most advanced military hardware in forward (and now foreign) areas faces a Herculean task in reconstituting itself.

Yet the era of military disintegration is plainly over. Thanks to the political dominance of the "centrists," the defense–industrial complex—which economic radicals sought to destroy outright—is being reconstituted around a core of 475 state enterprises and industrial–banking cartels. Thanks to the revival of old Soviet bookkeepers' tricks, the public defense budget—5 per cent of GDP—probably represents no more than half the defense burden. In contrast to 1990—the last year Russia issued official figures—a substantial percentage of regiments on Russian Federation territory are now equipped with the latest tanks, armored personnel carriers, and self-propelled guns. More substantial still has been the army's progress at establishing a new strategic command-and-control system as well as the forces that lie at the heart of the reform: Immediate Reaction Forces (based upon five airborne divisions, deployable at 24 hours' notice) and Rapid Reaction Forces (held at 3 to 7

A Question of Identity

METHODICALLY, and with just the right amount of blue paint, someone has removed the Cyrillic script from Riga's street signs. Other consequences of the long Soviet occupation remain all too visible. Latvia may have regained its independence, but Russian officers still drive down Elizabetes (formerly Kirov) Street. Riga's skyline is famous for its elegant spires, but the view also includes Stalin gothic and Intourist concrete. In perhaps the ultimate humiliation, half a century of Soviet rule has turned this once affluent Baltic city into a place where visitors are advised not to drink the water.

The confused and shifting politics of the immediate post-independence period meant that, with the important exception of a strikingly successful monetary reform, many of the structural changes essential to the rebuilding of the economy were not introduced. In particular, privatization was a shambles. Even today only about 20 per cent of industry is privately owned, although rather more is under private "control."

The June 1993 elections may have represented a turning point. Since then the country has been governed by a minority coalition led by the cautiously center–right Latvia's Way. Under the amiably professorial Prime Minister Valdis Birkavs, the government is firmly committed to the establishment of a market economy. Legal reform is under way, and the bureaucracy is being de-Sovietized. A privatization agency modeled on Germany's Treuhand is being put in place. Foreign investment is welcomed, although, reflecting a typical ambivalence, foreign ownership of land is still not permitted.

Recreating Latvia is more than a matter of economics, however. Latvia has been independent now for nearly three years, but a definition of what that country is to be remains elusive. Latvia's leaders are both inspired and haunted by the memory of the First Republic that won independence from Russia in 1918. After seven centuries of foreign domination, Latvia showed that it could stand on its own. By 1940 it had achieved a modest prosperity, crystallizing the sense of nationhood that had been reawakening since the late nineteenth century.

The years of Soviet rule that followed annexation in 1940 sought to reverse this process. Independent Latvia became a taboo, a failed "bourgeois dictatorship" remembered only by the old and the brave. Even the Bralu Kapi, Latvia's military cemetery, a brooding masterpiece presided over by a monumental Mother Latvia, was Sovietized by the addition of a few Red Army corpses. Strangely, Riga's soaring independence monument was allowed to remain untouched and unexplained, its inscription, "For Fatherland and Freedom," doubtless an increasing mystery to a people with neither.

Now, at last, Latvians are allowed to rediscover their past. Wherever possible, continuity with the pre-war republic is stressed. Its last president died in Soviet captivity, but his nephew is head of state today. The Constitution of 1922 is in effect. The Central Bank, Parliament, and ministries are back in their old buildings. After half a century of denial, no memory of the First Republic is too small to be preserved. Even its consumer products, from "Tik Tak" cigarettes to "Weekend" herring, are on display in one museum.

At times it seems as if any history will do so long as, somehow, Latvians made their mark. The War Museum has an exhibit not unsympathetically describing the Waffen SS's Latvian Legion. Nearby, however, the Soviet-era monument to Latvia's Red Riflemen—Lenin's Praetorian Guard—still stands.

The problem is that this rediscovery of the past appeals mainly to ethnic Latvians, and they form only a bare majority of this country's approximately 2.5 million inhabitants. At the time of the Soviet takeover in 1940 ethnic Latvians accounted for 76 per cent of the population; by independence in 1991 their share had fallen to 52 per cent. Russians made up most of the balance. Most of them had been deliberately imported by a Moscow that saw mass immigration as a way of breaking the Latvian nation. Ethnic Latvians are now a minority in the country's seven largest cities. They account for just one-third of Riga, their own capital.

"Latvia," an official explained, "is more than arithmetic." Nevertheless the arithmetic cannot be denied. The First Republic can remain an inspiration, but if the new Latvia is not to share its terrible fate it cannot be rebuilt as an ethnic state. Somehow Latvians must find their identity without alienating the Russian minority who, like it or not, will be a part of the country's future.

The country's language law gives an example of the approach that might be taken. The law stipulates that Latvian is the sole official language. Bilingualism is rejected—

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days' readiness). Deficient as the army's recovery is bound to be by the ambitious standards of the country's new military doctrine, there is no doubt that Russia will be able to maintain sufficient nuclear forces to worry her former NATO adversaries and sufficient conventional forces to unsettle her former Warsaw Pact allies.

For the moment, these former allies are less concerned about capability than about intent. They were the first to note how those who long equated Russia's superpower status with ruin were gradually injecting her "great power" and even "world power" status into every significant foreign-policy pronouncement. In August 1993, Russian Foreign Minister Andrei Kozyrev caused a public stir by declaring that "East-Central Europe has never ceased to be an area of interest for Russia." Within weeks, concerns were compounded by the invocation of "zones of traditional influence": an expression that skillfully blurred the customary distinction between "near" and "far" abroad. Somewhat less skillfully, Kozyrev recently reassured Czech President Vaclav Havel that he would avoid the expression "sphere of interest" ("if these words evoke the past"), but then spun about and as-

"this is not Belgium." Overall, the provisions are mild considering the long assault through the Soviet period on the Latvian language. Russian language education is easily available. Russian television continues to broadcast, and Russian newspapers circulate freely.

History and relatively high rates of intermarriage would suggest that Russians and Latvians can live together in peace. Latvia has a tradition of extensive Russian settlement that stretches back to Tsarist times. The problem with Russian culture, I was told, is that the Russians have lost touch with it. "If they were to rediscover their own culture, they might have more respect for the culture of others."

Contrary to the assertions of Russian Foreign Minister Kozyrev there is no deportation policy. Most Russian-speakers enjoy permanent resident status and continue to enjoy full economic and social rights. The Russian population is far from united against the new Latvia. Many of Latvia's most successful businessmen are of Russian origin, and Riga's Russians look more prosperous than their counterparts in Moscow.

What most of these Russians lack, however, is the security and sense of belonging that Latvian citizenship would bring. Currently, this is enjoyed only by nationals of the First Republic and their descendants, a total of 1.7 million people including over 300,000 ethnic Russians. Citizenship has not been extended to the far larger number of Russians who have arrived since 1940. Overnight many became foreigners in the only country they have ever known. So far as Russia is concerned the solution is simple: extend citizenship to all. Latvia, it is alleged, is beginning an ethnic cleansing of its oppressed Russians, something that has, however, escaped the notice of a seemingly endless stream of U.S., European, and UN delegations who have found only a few isolated incidents.

OF COURSE human rights are not the issue. In Moscow's eyes Latvia's Russians are not only a painful symbol of lost empire but also a means of its rebirth. Russia has, it is true, just signed an agreement to withdraw its remaining troops, but "protecting" the Diaspora will always provide an ideal excuse for their return. As Boris Yeltsin has explained, "If we are dealing with the legitimate rights of Russians, this is not the exclusive internal affair of some other country, but our own national state affair."

There is little that Latvia can do to protect itself. Disgracefully, NATO membership is not on offer, only the insulting "Partnership for Peace." Latvia is trying to join the European Union, a form, sighed one member of Parliament, of "soft protection," but membership is years away. Besides, the martial traditions of Jacques Delors are somehow less reassuring than those of General Eisenhower.

U.S. support has also been patchy. In March, Secretary of State Christopher appeared to take the Russian line, commenting that "it's a legitimate point for the Russians to make to encourage the Latvians to extend the right of citizenship . . . to Russians who happen to be living in Latvia." Those Russians of course "happen" to be living in Latvia as a result of Soviet conquest. In essence Latvians are being asked to enfranchise their former conquerors in such numbers that they threaten to eradicate what is left of Latvia's identity.

The West's moral position in supporting Russian rights in Latvia might have been a little stronger had it shown some interest in supporting Latvian rights in Latvia over five decades of Soviet oppression. Long centuries of survival under foreign rule have made Latvians a pragmatic people, however, and Latvia needs Western support. The citizenship law that emerges is likely to reflect this. The government's current proposal would, subject to quotas, extend citizenship to almost all long-term residents able to pass an examination in conversational Latvian. The nature of these quotas is likely to dominate political debate in Latvia in the coming months as Prime Minister Birkavs tries to survive hard-line nationalist criticism in Parliament and opportunist Russian pressure outside it.

The hope must be that growing economic recovery in Latvia will smooth a transition period that also sees emigration East as Russia finds its feet. The alternative is an increasingly vicious circle of nationalist polemic and Russian pressure, followed by disaster in what is likely to be the highly dangerous period surrounding Russia's 1996 presidential election.

But with some luck—and firm Western discouragement of Russian meddling—Latvia may muddle its way back to the West. As Birkavs explains, "We want to move out of Russia's shadow, to live in Europe. We were, we are, and we will be part of Europe." If the Cold War is really over, it does not seem like a lot to ask. —ANDREW STUTTAFORD

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serted that Russia had "special interests" in Central Europe: the very term that has been used to denominate *exclusive* Russian interests in the affairs of her ex-Soviet neighbors.

The Yugoslav Laboratory

YET IT is in former Yugoslavia that both the skills and the continued schizophrenia of Russian policy are most apparent. There, Russia has been presented with great temptations, thanks to a "common Western policy" richly endowed with "processes" and mechanisms but utterly devoid of goals. It has also faced stiff obstacles from Russian "national patriots" who vehemently dispute the MFA's support for this policy. Yet as Kozyrev and Yeltsin's Special Representative, Vitaly Churkin, knew, this support was advancing Russian ends. It was accustoming the Western powers to view Russian cooperation as a norm and Russia as a power which had a "right" to be consulted whenever collective action was contemplated. It was accustoming NATO to view itself as the tool of others. It made the denial of Serbian war aims all but impossible. It also turned former Yugoslavia into an incubator of discouragement about the "new world order," increasing the likelihood that the international community would gratefully unload onto Russia the task of policing the former Soviet Union. In his address to the UN General Assembly, on September 28, 1993, Kozyrev hinted as much:

> No international organization or group of states can replace our peacemaking efforts in this specific, post-Soviet space. . . . *Besides, the UN is conducting too many peacekeeping operations.*

Paradoxically, NATO's February ultimatum to the Bosnian Serbs over the shelling of Sarajevo enabled Yeltsin and Kozyrev to square the circle between external opportunity and internal opposition. The announcement on February 17 that Russia would deploy a battalion of airborne troops to Sarajevo enabled Russia to present herself to the Serbs as a deliverer, to the West as a partner, and to the UN as a peacemaker. Nuanced abroad, the presentation at home was boastful and truculent. The military daily, *Red Star*, dubbed Russia's *tour de force* as the greatest reversal in the Balkans since 1948. For his part, Yeltsin declared on February 23 that Russia's troops in Sarajevo were "serving Russia, and its security is being guarded on its distant approaches." The following day he added:

> The consistent promotion of Russia's national interests is the main task of our foreign policy. If required to protect the state's legitimate interests, Russia has a right to act firmly and in a tough manner.

The point has not been lost elsewhere. Poland, which has only just asked for "accelerated" admission to NATO, has also shown signs of hedging its bets. After the February Sarajevo crisis, Foreign Minister Olechowski felt constrained to assure Kozyrev that "Perhaps in the future there will be no NATO, or Russia too will be in NATO." Hungary's Foreign Minister Jeszensky, while not renouncing Hungary's desire to join NATO, still thought it necessary to add, "We are thinking in terms of a global security system that would stretch from the American coast of the Pacific Ocean via Europe to the Siberian coast of the same ocean." For good measure, Hungary's President Arpad Goencz stated that Kozyrev's Bosnian initiative "has strengthened Russia's prestige, and this strengthens international stability."

"Good afternoon, ma'am, I'm a door-to-door history teacher. Can I interest you in a brief lesson on the events leading up to the Lousiana Purchase?"

If he was less pleased than he sounded, it is hardly Russia's fault. Russia has merely exploited the void in Western policy. If a year ago that void was a psychological concern, it is now a political fact, and soon it might be a geostrategic one. This would be an ironic result. The underwriting of Russia's reforms was seen by Western governments as the surest way of consolidating change on Russia's periphery. In practice, this geopolitical equivalent of a "trickle-down" policy has worked out very differently. Not only has it convinced many Russians that we are the authors of their discontents; it has persuaded many in East–Central Europe that their own partial and painfully achieved transformations can unravel. In Hungary, Poland, and the Baltic states, the result is not only a stronger political Left, but a fragmented, self-recriminatory, and increasingly ugly Right.

Left to develop, these conditions can only give rise to temptation. If today Russia is pursuing a "calculating and crafty" policy in diminished circumstances, tomorrow she may be less mindful of these circumstances and more impressed with her opportunities. If we, in turn, seek to diminish this danger, it would be wise to recognize that "Cold War thinking" and "new thinking" are both out of place: the first, because Russia is pursuing a *national* policy, no more ideological in its aims than that of any traditional nineteenth-century power; the second, because:

> Russia increasingly sees itself as a Great Power and it has started saying this loudly. Europe has understood that Russian interests will no longer dissolve in the interests of European diplomacy.

These words, uttered by Vyacheslav Kostikov, deserve to be treated with more respect and less opprobrium than they have received. Far from being an altogether bad thing, the end of the "romantic embrace" between Russia and the West may, as Kostikov suggests, "save us from disappointments or even mistakes." The question today is not simply whether the West can abandon its romanticism, but also whether it can recover its identity, along with the will and purpose that once gave meaning to it. □

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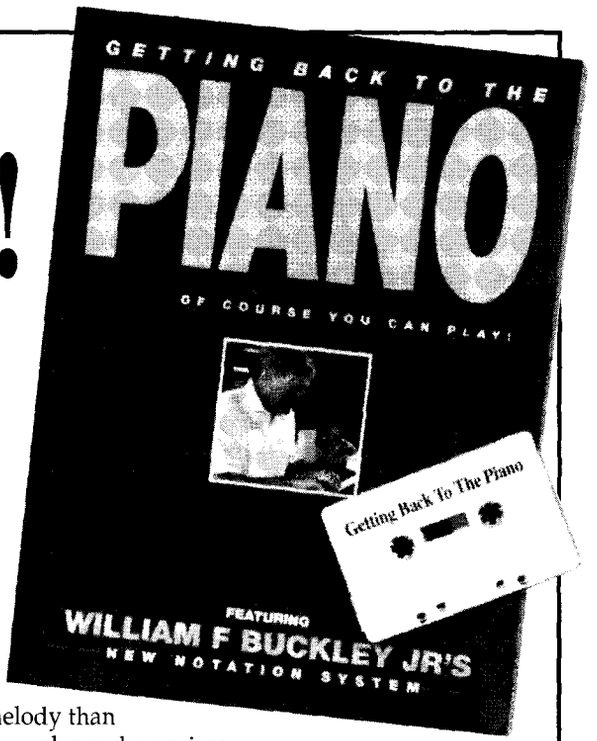

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Russell Kirk,

IN MEMORIAM

Kirk and Ideology

GERHART NIEMEYER

OURS WAS the century of Communism, Fascism, and National Socialism, of two world wars, of more than three major revolutions none of which could claim to represent the will of the people, of the Cold War and the division of the world into two hostile camps. If it was the century of unprecedented national wealth in part of the world, and an ensuing optimistic climate of opinion, it was also a time of abysmal danger for all of human culture. Russell Kirk, it turns out, was the writer who had something to say specifically about this danger and how to meet it.

Like Edmund Burke, he would not claim to be a philosopher; he spoke of himself as a historian. The categorization is not a matter of great importance. What is important is the ground that Russell Kirk occupied. It was the ground of common sense, of sobriety, of ultimate verity. It was the ground where prevailed love of being, love of country, love of God. It was the ground of historical continuity, of public loyalty, of personal integrity. It was the ground on which conservative persons could put down roots, from which their minds drew nourishment.

Conservatism cannot be shrunk to the principle that everything in human life should be reduced to the economics of the marketplace, an idea which in its poverty is first cousin to Marx's historical materialism. Nor can we do better by linking conservatism to John Stuart Mill's individualistic society, which may be compared to an ocean of atomized islands having no communication with one another. Nor can we fall back on Locke's human rights, the condition on which each isolated person enters human community by the gate of *quid pro quo*. These and other similar world views have nothing to say to the reality of living human beings with body and soul, mind and spirit. They have oozed from a consciousness deliberately separated from living reality, which has sweated abstract realities out of itself. This is the ideological mind building thought systems around utopian fantasies with which to manipulate human beings into false hopes.

There is no way of debating or negotiating such aberrations out of distorted minds, which is why no conservative ideology can be dreamed into existence. The man who seeks knowledge in deference to the order of being, who acts in awareness of the mystery of life and the divine mystery beyond, whose memory of a lived past teaches him that men are not utterly malleable but carry the marks of centuries of historical choices made or avoided—this man is in his own personality a center of order to which the quality of truth is not wholly inapplicable. He may have grown into this order without fully knowing how, but surely he maintains it by prayer, the discipline of virtue, piety toward the living that has been done before his time, and tender concern for the living that will be done after he is gone. There is no conceptual formula that can contract the reality of this order into a discursive syllogism. Let us remember that Plato refused to define both wisdom and the good. But for eyes without ideological blinkers, a conservative is recognizable when we meet him. We intuitively prefer his company to that of liberals with their secular dogmatism.

Mr. Niemeyer is emeritus professor of government at the University of Notre Dame. This article is adapted from a paper delivered to the Philadelphia Society last fall.

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We enjoy the many facets of such a personality, the generosity of his soul, the gentility of his manners, and, seeking to look through all this to the core of his secret, we faintly taste the peace of God.

The danger to Western civilization is still great. But we have the example of Russell Kirk, who for nearly half a century warned us of the mental preparedness that our situation requires. His warnings are still needed, for the danger that yesterday confronted us externally has now shifted to our internal facility for order. Yesterday, Germans, Italians, and Russians were both victims and perpetrators of ideological disorder. Today it is we, ourselves, who must be concerned about mental and spiritual corruptions that beget false hopes, fallacious thoughts, impermissible beliefs. Today, although no Blackshirts or Brownshirts roam our streets, it is we who are the victims, and among whom live the perpetrators, of intellectual disorder. We have every reason to give thanks for Russell Kirk. □

A Conservative Mind

HENRY REGNERY

IT IS given to few men to realize fully the philosophy that shapes their thoughts and deeds. Even rarer are those who, having attained such knowledge, have the ability to share it with others.

Such a man was Russell Kirk and such was his achievement.

His landmark work, *The Conservative Mind*, served as the keystone of the modern conservative movement. To define the spirit of conservatism, he cultivated the broad fields of political philosophy, religious thought, and imaginative literature. The core beliefs that found form, for example, in the policies and programs of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan can be discovered in Russell Kirk's writings. They are convincing evidence, as Richard Weaver demonstrated, that ideas have consequences.

Russell Kirk's success is even more remarkable when it is placed in the political context of his times. If ever a man stood firm against the contemporary flood of liberal ideas, it was he. Nor was his stand easy.

He was never offered an academic post commensurate with his stature. Not a single institution of distinction ever awarded him an honorary degree, not Harvard, not Princeton, not Columbia, not Yale. Nor was he ever invited, to my knowledge, to give a lecture series at any such institution. That seems now to reflect more on them, in my opinion, than on him.

I first met Russell Kirk in 1952 after he had offered us the manuscript of *The Conservative Mind*. He had offered it first to Knopf, which had agreed to publish it provided he would cut it down by about one-third, I believe, which he quite rightly refused to do. I read the manuscript over the summer and made him an offer to publish it—with the provision, however, that we pay no royalties on the first 3,000 copies, I believe it was. The manuscript was large—some 450 pages—our finances were rather strained, and Russell Kirk was an almost completely unknown author. His book on St. Andrews University had been published by the University of Chicago Press, and we had published an article of his in the magazine *Measure*, of which Robert Hutchins was chairman of the editorial board, but the hesitation of Knopf to commit itself was reason, perhaps, for hesitation on our part. But I was completely sold on the manuscript, and determined to publish it.

When we met for the first time with Mr. Kirk there was no problem coming to an agreement. The manuscript was in perfect shape, except for the title: *The Conservative Rout*. It didn't take long to convince him that a different title was needed. The original subtitle was "An Account of Conservative Ideas from Burke to Santayana." By the second edition it had become "From Burke to Eliot." In a letter at the time, he wrote, "my manuscript is my contribution to our endeavor to conserve the spiritual and intellectual and political tradition of our civilization; and if we are to rescue the modern mind we must do it very soon."

The man who had introduced me to Russell Kirk was a textbook salesman, Sidney Gair, a man of parts, Russell would have called him, who, in turn, had described Russell to me as "about as communicative as a turtle, but a formidable intelligence." When we invited Russell to dinner not long afterward, one of the guests asked, "But where was Mr. Kirk?" He didn't, in other words, indulge in small talk. His books speak for themselves. □

Mr. Regnery is the founder of Regnery Gateway.

Kirk in Washington

EDWIN J. FEULNER JR.

RUSSELL KIRK, "The Wizard of Mecosta," seemed an ill-suited visitor to Washington when he first came to the Heritage Foundation in 1978. Then sixty years old, he was not a newcomer to the capital, and yet he was certainly not a part of this transient, political place. Both Russell and his wife, Annette, enjoyed telling the story of his meeting with President Nixon in the Oval Office on April 4, 1972.

Unperturbed by the demonstrators in the streets, Mr. Nixon was leisurely in manner, assured, cordial. The President seated himself on a sofa by Kirk's chair and asked, "Where do

Mr. Feulner is president of the Heritage Foundation.

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Presidents obtain their support when unpopular decisions have to be made, Dr. Kirk? What might be done—not just today, but in the long run—to revive America's spirits and old national character? Dr. Kirk, have we any hope?"

"That depends upon public belief, Mr. President," Kirk replied. "Despair feeds upon despair, hope upon hope. If most people believe the prophets of despair, they will seek out private hidey-holes and cease to cooperate for the common good. But if most people say, 'We are in a bad way, but we still have the resources and the intelligence and the will to work a renewal'—why, they will be roused by the exigency to common action and reform. It is all a matter of belief."

It was at a seminar sponsored by the Intercollegiate Studies Institute more than thirty years ago, that I first met Dr. Kirk. He was already a fixed star in the conservative firmament, and although he described himself in those days as "roly-poly and benign," all of us students were in awe of him. Had we known that he was an eater of beaver and a smoker of "dark, thick," Burmese cigars "looking and tasting . . . like torpedoes," we probably would have addressed him with even greater trepidation.

As we talked on that frosty December night in Detroit, I could not predict that twenty years later Russell Kirk would be a Heritage Distinguished Fellow and that three of his books, *Reclaiming a Patrimony* (1982), *The Wise Men Know What Wicked Things Are Written on the Sky* (1987), and *The Politics of Prudence* (1993), would be based on lectures that he first delivered at Heritage.

These volumes mean that Russell Kirk's influence in Washington will be far greater than that of most of the transient politicians who descend upon this city year after year. Kirk taught opinion leaders and legislators some of the cardinal virtues of statesmanship. In a city of constant change, Kirk espoused taking the long view and understanding that a "just government maintains a healthy tension between the claims of authority and the claims of liberty."

As a frequent back-row observer of his quarterly soirees in the Heritage auditorium for the last 16 years, I was struck by the inevitable overflow crowd of young people who couldn't get enough of Russell Kirk. I would ask one of them what his hold was on them. An instant response was something like: "I had only admired him from afar, and, of course, reading his books at my university was not politically correct." Or, as a young Reagan appointee once told me, "He taught us all why our role was important beyond ourselves and beyond politics."

Indeed, Russell Kirk became the intellectual leader of "cultural" conservatism precisely because his perspective encompasses a "faith in a transcendent moral order." His operating guide was what Patrick Henry called "the lamp of experience," which abhorred all forms of ideology claiming to have found some substitute for genuine tradition, custom, and experience.

Russell's impact was perhaps best summarized in the citation when Ronald Reagan conferred upon him the Presidential Citizens Medal on January 18, 1989: "As the prophet of American conservatism, Russell Kirk has taught, nurtured, and inspired a generation. From his lofty perch on Piety Hill, he reached deep into the roots of American values, writing and editing central works of political philosophy. His intellectual contribution has been a profound act of patriotism." □

Kirk at St. Andrews

MADSEN PIRIE

RUSSELL KIRK cast a long shadow at St. Andrews. He was enticed there by his Scottish ancestry and his romantic nature. The thought of study in a medieval city perched on a North Sea cliff was irresistible.

Russell loved the sense of history imprinted on every stone. Here was where George Wishart was burned at the stake for apostasy. The initials GW are inlaid in the cobblestones. Cardinal Beaton watched from that window and was himself hanged days later and suspended by his heels at the very same spot. This is where John Knox held out for the Scottish Reformation until the French fleet bombarded the castle and took him off as a galley slave.

Russell honored the town with an elegant history. His *St. Andrews* is more than the meticulous scholarship in which he excelled. It also has his romantic soul pervading every page. As he writes about some of the spirits said to stalk the town, suddenly the reader's hair stands on end as Russell relates his own experience.

"Just past midnight, one autumn, when walking up Pends Road from the harbor, I became conscious of some being on the opposite side of the road, so shadowy as to be more movement than definite form, in this black place between high stone dikes; and try though I would, I could not make out the face—nor, indeed, the sex or substance—of my companion, though we kept pace right into the Pends. Upon emerging into the lurid mercury-vapor

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light which illuminates South Street just at the mouth of the Pends, I halted, waiting for my fellow-traveler to emerge; but he never did; and then it occurred to me that he had made no sound, though my feet had scuffled in the gravel of the road."

In the ruined castle stands a vertical pit with a narrow neck, like an upright bottle. Now dubbed the bottle dungeon, it was regarded by some experts as a grain store. Russell would have none of it. To him it was clearly a dungeon, a place where wretched souls were tortured and abandoned. The castle keeper used to tell, years after Russell had left, how "Dr. Kirk was proved right." A visiting farmer looked at the door and pointed out that it was too small for a man carrying a sack on his shoulders. End of grain-store theory.

Not only did Russell write about history at St. Andrews. He made it and he influenced it. Scotland's highest degree is the Doctor of Letters, the D.Lit. It is almost always given as an honorary degree, but once or twice in a generation it is earned. Russell Kirk earned the degree with a thesis that became famous the world over. It was *The Conservative Mind*, written at St. Andrews, which gained him the coveted golden gown.

The world knows it as a masterpiece, but to young Scots emerging into a postwar Britain and Europe dominated by Socialist governments and ideas, it was a powerful antidote, the first breath of an alternative future. The strength of Russell's contribution is that he did not attempt to distill or to analyze conservatism through its great thinkers; to do so would have been to reduce them. What he did was to build up through their thoughts and words a systematic alternative world view far stronger and more humane than the so-called "scientific" social thought so much then in vogue.

The torch which Russell lit at St. Andrews was picked up and passed on by successive generations of students. The university acquired a reputation for a powerful tradition of conservative intellectual thought. Russell was hugely delighted, years later, when a nucleus of former St. Andrews students appeared right at the heart of the Thatcher revolution, several of them serving as her ministers.

He always maintained the connection, encouraging students to go to St. Andrews. When I taught alongside him at Hillsdale College, he loved to exchange St. Andrews stories late into the evenings. No doubt his memory will continue to exert a powerful influence at Hillsdale, and in Mecosta, and in Washington. But it will also walk through the cobbled streets of an old grey city washed by the North Sea mists, and forever through the minds of the students whose lives he touched there. □

Man of Michigan

JOHN ENGLER

MICHIGAN is fortunate to have counted Russell Kirk among its citizens. And I am fortunate to have counted Russell Kirk among my friends. When I was a state senator, I had the privilege of representing Russell and Annette and visiting their home.

What a wonderful anachronism, Piety Hill! What a welcome refuge for the Remnant who seek to redeem our time! Russell Kirk encouraged civil discourse in an uncivil age. He defended traditional values in a culture enamored of the shock of the new. Through numerous writings and lectures, conversations and seminars, he taught Americans about America—about its deeply conservative habits, about the roots of its constitutional order, about the Burkean influence on our Founders.

Anyone who made the pilgrimage to Piety Hill witnessed the quiet strength of this man of ideas. But there was another side of Russell that I experienced, and that was his strength as a man of action. When called upon, he was willing not just to write about, but to take part in, the messy business of politics. As Senate majority leader and as governor of Michigan, I appreciated his mediating role in the state's Republican Party. He played an especially crucial role in the 1988 primaries, when Jack Kemp, Pat Robertson, and George Bush were vying to control the soul of the state GOP. His commitment to the "politics of prudence" leavened political discourse in Michigan, and I shall always be grateful for his contribution.

Russell was very much a Michigan man. We can imagine him as a young boy, reading historical adventures by the train yards in Plymouth, where his father worked. We can think of him as a gifted teacher at his alma mater, Michigan State. We can see him walking out of that drafty old library at Piety Hill and turning down the road that leads to the woods.

His heart has made its final journey back to the "stump country" that he called his ancestral home, to return to the land that shaped him. But his spirit now knows its true and eternal home. And the wisdom in his writings will remain to help those of us still on this earthly pilgrimage.

To the end of his life, Russell attracted young people who understood that it is in the moral imagination that the fate of civilization lies. I am pleased that Annette is committed to maintaining Russell's patrimony at Piety Hill. The newly founded Russell Kirk Center promises to be a living tribute to the Sage of Mecosta.

We mourn now. We have lost a friend. Michigan has lost its pre-eminent man of letters. America has lost one of the men who understood her best.

We mourn, but Russell would not want us to become too melancholy. In the epilogue to his memoirs, which will be published next year, he tells us that what he had sought in life came down to three things.

First, he sought to defend the Permanent Things—truth, justice, freedom, a tolerable moral order—and he was more successful in so doing than he had thought possible at the outset of his career.

Second, he sought to lead a life of decent independence, living much as his ancestors had lived, on their land, a life uncluttered and unpolluted, not

Mr. Engler is governor of Michigan.

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devoted to getting and spending. This, he tells us, he had achieved as a man of letters at Piety Hill.

Third, he had sought to marry for love and to rear children who would come to know that the service of God is perfect freedom. Words cannot express his gratitude for Annette and his children, who are endowed with the unbought grace of life.

To Russell Kirk, the three goals of his life had been reached, and he was grateful. And we can be grateful that we knew him, and that he walked a little distance with us in our journey to our eternal home. □

At the End, New Beginnings

T. KENNETH CRIBB JR.

IN January of 1993 Russell Kirk learned that he suffered from congestive heart failure and, realist that he was, understood that his remaining time was short. He took the news as no more and no less than an artifact of the human condition, and in his last year and a half neither despaired in his spirit nor flagged in his Herculean literary feats. After all, this was a man who planted trees throughout his life as a symbol of our duty to strive for good we may not live to see.

Well into his seventies, Dr. Kirk would canoe on the rivers of Mecosta County or walk the hills of the Scottish Borders, only to sit down later at his typewriter and engage in learned disputation. This past December 19, he wrote me that "I fear that my days of canoeing and hill-walking are over," and then proceeded to outline a series of literary projects that daunted me even in the reading. Since the onset of his illness, he had produced two of his most important works: *America's British Culture*, a consummate defense of our common patrimony against the destructive sallies of the multiculturalists; and *The Politics of Prudence*, a series of essays instructing the rising generation in the essence of conservative thought.

Mr. Cribb, president of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, was chief of domestic affairs in the Reagan White House.

One month before his death, confined to bed, Russell Kirk prepared a second edition of *The Politics of Prudence* (proudly published by ISI) and did the same for a new edition of his first book, *Randolph of Roanoke*, now published by Liberty Fund. In his final weeks, he prepared for publication a particularly fine ISI lecture on natural law, which has just appeared in the *Notre Dame Law Review*. He also edited the latest number of *The University Bookman*, a quarterly review he founded over thirty years ago.

Incredibly, Dr. Kirk continued as the active General Editor of Transaction Publishers' Library of Conservative Thought, now comprising over thirty volumes. During the last year, five of the volumes he had edited were published, and an additional eight are to be released through 1995. In all these projects he kept his several assistants famously busy. They were the latest fellows at what will continue to be a Kirk Center for activities literary, historical, and cultural at that most Kirkian of places, Piety Hill.

His final literary gift to us is *The Sword of Imagination: Memoirs of a Half-Century of Literary Conflict*. This 874-page treasure of a manuscript is currently being prepared for publication by Eerdmans and, according to Dr. Kirk, is a memoir humbly penned in the tradition of Julius Caesar and Henry Adams.

To those who know him principally as the scholar who inspired the conservative intellectual movement, it may come as something of a surprise to learn that Russell Kirk is even more widely read among the new generation than he was among the formative generations of the conservative movement. The Washington-based Leadership Institute conducts an ongoing poll of its young graduates, asking them to name one statesman or author they greatly admire. Predictably, Ronald Reagan is first; not so predictably, Russell Kirk is currently vying with Lady Thatcher for second—far outdistancing any number of high-profile authors, radio personalities, and politicians. This finding is confirmed by the fact that over the years Dr. Kirk has been the Intercollegiate Studies Institute's most requested campus speaker and the largest selling of the dozens of authors whose books are handled by ISI.

The influence he has exercised on more senior conservatives was evident at a series of celebrations last fall honoring the 40th anniversary of *The Conservative Mind* and the 75th birthday of its author. The special Philadelphia Society session on his life's work, the ISI Fortieth Anniversary Gala, and the birthday dinner given by *Crisis* magazine turned out to be valedictory appearances.

During his last weeks, Dr. Kirk would gather his daughters around him to tell stories of his youth and of their family history—as well as an occasional Gothic tale. He mustered the energy to read aloud to his family Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* and, on

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his last Easter Sunday, Chesterton's *Ballad of the White Horse*. At the end, Dr. Kirk sat up in his bed at Piety Hill, and sank back with eyes closed. As Annette went for the nurse, two of his daughters took his hands and sang the songs he had sung to awaken them from their childhood slumbers. He opened his eyes once more to their sweet voices and then was gone. His life was gentle in the old sense; his death, in all senses.

The final works and days of Russell Kirk were at one with his long life. From across the ages the best minds of the West spoke to Dr. Kirk of permanent things which eclipsed the paltry preoccupations of our time, and he made those thinkers our contemporaries. It is across the ages that Russell Kirk's own voice will be heard by future voyagers embarked on the reflective journey toward order in the soul and order in the commonwealth. □

Russell Kirk, At Work and Play

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

NO EVENING would ever end if we accepted the burden of acclaiming all that Russell Kirk has accomplished. My simple duty is to contribute one voice, and I propose to dwell on the personal side of Russell Kirk, with special attention to one of his more charming eccentricities.

With this in mind, I charged the researchers at NATIONAL REVIEW to go beyond Kirk the renowned historian, Kirk the editor, Kirk the journalist, Kirk the educator, Kirk the family man, Kirk the writer of fiction, Kirk the doyen of important American ghosts. Their findings bear witness to his extraordinary versatility.

—There is the matter of Russell Kirk and modern technology. He has been a brilliant impostor. I quote from a column he wrote for *NR*:

"Occasionally TV has reared its ugly head even at Piety Hill. Clinton Wallace, our hobo butler, was permitted to keep a well-worn portable TV in his room. This I thrust into the cellar the day we buried Clinton.

"Some months thereafter, on returning home late at night, I saw lights burning in every room, but encountered no living soul. At length I penetrated to a remote cellar, and there I found my spouse and all our household huddled round the forbidden TV, watching the late news. I dispersed them wrathfully. Then, taking a pair of powerful wire-cutters, I did quite a bit of damage to the set, and flung portions of it into trash cans.

"In the fullness of time, nevertheless, one of the Ethiopians who dwell with us, young Sahle Selassie Makonnen, secretly repaired the mutilated thing and installed it in his room—which did not improve his collegiate studies. When I was about to confiscate this shabby article of contraband, it vanished again. Presently a secret agent informed me that our eldest daughter, Monica, aged almost 12, somehow had contrived to get the set to the topmost room of the foretower of our Italianate house, and there sometimes was actually turning it on.

"Monica being out of the house when I learned this, I climbed the ladder to the top of the foretower, with some difficulty opened a small octagonal window, and flung the accursed set to its destruction. To my chagrin the confounded thing caught in a gutter, and there hung like Mahomet's coffin, invisible from most points of view.

"Yet wondrous to relate, our housekeeper, Mae Cole, descried the suspended television; and the strong-willed Annette, my wife, sent the stalwart Keith Bower, my assistant, scrambling over roofs to retrieve it. At my stern command, Keith has immured the set in the crawl-space under the front portion of his cottage; and there may it rest until the Last Trump. Monica thinks her parents very odd. Once she inquired why I couldn't be like other dads, who 'get a six-pack and sit down to watch the game on TV.' "

What Monica did not know; what Annette did not know; what resident Ethiopians at Piety Hill did not know, was that Russell Kirk was moonlighting as a scriptwriter and feared that his distinctive tones would be recognized by his observant children.

You see, Russell Kirk wrote most of the lines for Archie Bunker. It is a part of the commercial covenant that Russell must pretend to hate television; indeed, it is probable that he would even go so far as to say he has no idea who Archie Bunker is, even after creating the locus classicus of the bigoted American conservative. But Russell is trained in the dissimulative arts, as witness that

—It was he, we discover, who installed the tape system in the White House for Richard Nixon. The President did not entrust the exercise to a mere mechanic, insisting instead on a true humanist. "For this one," he told Mr. Haldeman, "I need a Renaissance Man." And so January of 1971—that considerable hiatus at Piety Hill which resulted in no daughters being born to Mrs. Kirk in October of 1971—was spent by Russell not on the Isle of Man delivering the Burke Lectures, as advertised; but in the White House, where every morning, dressed as an electrician, Russell first consulted a catalogue to remind him which was the screwdriver, which the microphone; and, as we all know, the system worked.

—Finally, there are those who do not know what exactly are the concessions that have been agreed to in the matter of the proposed placement of the advanced Patriot missiles in Saudi Arabia. A secret agreement has finally been reached. The Israelis will accept the missiles provided that Russell Kirk undertakes to render instructions on how to operate them in that jargonistic English he has so devastatingly exposed. Thus, the Saudis would get the missiles, and the Israelis would be assured that they would never get off the ground.

Well, everyone has agreed to play along on the matter of Russell's Other Life. We indulge him because it is inconceivable even to imagine, let alone

This article is excerpted from a tribute delivered by Mr. Buckley, NR*'s editor-at-large, in 1981.*

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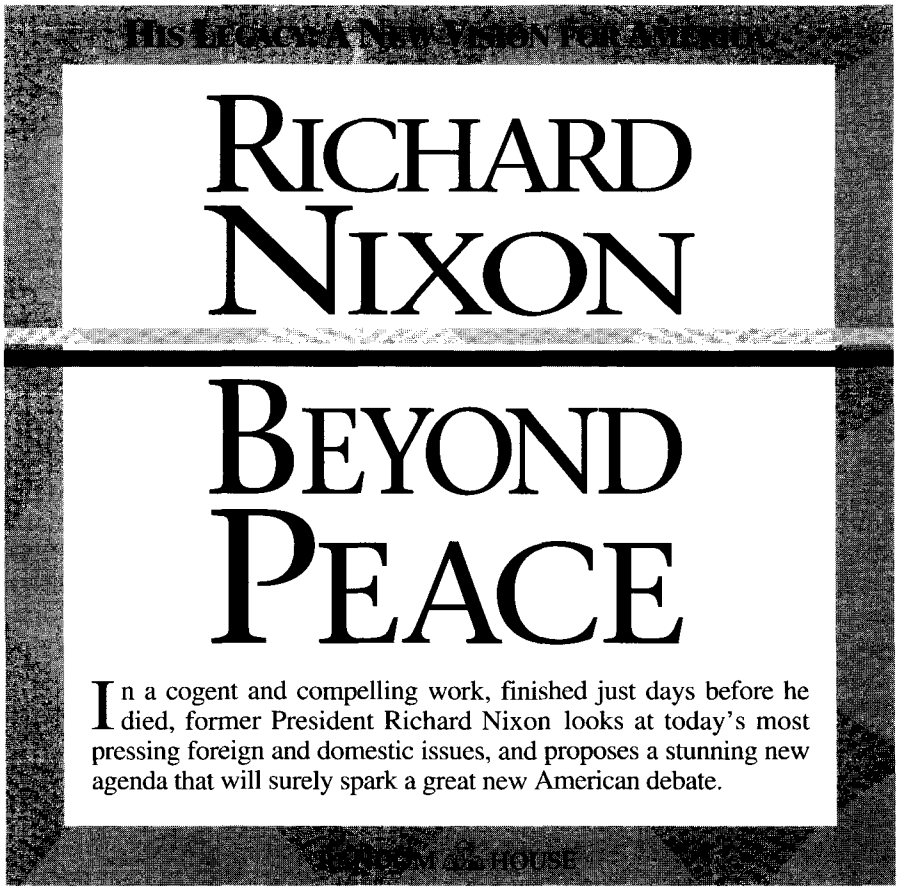
hope for, a dominant conservative movement in America without his labor. Reflecting on his work, one's mind rests principally on Russell's knowledge of the critical importance of what came before. He recognized that *every* generation is dependent on what came earlier, to which insight he devoted the epigraph of *A Program for Conservatives*, published by Henry Regnery in 1954; a passage from Cicero. "Long before our own time," Cicero wrote in *De Re Publica*, "the customs of our ancestors molded admirable men, and in turn these eminent men upheld the ways and institutions of their forebears. Our age, however, inherited the Republic like some beautiful painting of bygone days, its colors already fading through great age; and not only has our time neglected to freshen the colors of the picture, but we have failed to preserve its form and outlines."

But, applied to America, that is less true today than it was in 1954 when Russell adduced it, as an epigraph fitting not only for Rome, but prospectively for America. And the difference, between then and now, is substantially of his own doing. Because, about then, Russell Kirk left the academy; did so notwithstanding his knowledge that academic men are peculiarly unsuited for public life. "Yet though I know these dreadful truths," he wrote in that same book, "and though I am a doctor of letters, and an historian of sorts, in this little book I venture into the dark and bloody ground of political policy, naked unto mine enemies; and I do this not out of foolhardiness, but because the men of affairs who are supposed to be applying the tenets of philosophy to the affairs of nations are doing nothing of the sort—or, at least, when they make such an essay at all, they commonly behave as abstractly and imprudently as if they were so many professors."

But that has changed. In this room are many distinguished men and women, as much at home in the academy as in those other, bloody grounds of which Cicero and Russell spoke. He, as much as anyone, made this possible; and so I take, with pride, the pleasure of telling him, publicly, that the republic of which Cicero spoke as an evanescent institution, in this case survives, owing no debt more heavy, nor recognizing any more gladly, than that—to you. □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THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

May 23, 1994

Dear Rusty,

Do you remember the last time I visited you, and we went out into the Rain Forest to gather biodiversity samples? I was in charge of collecting different kinds of mushrooms and storing them in a plastic bag, but I got the bag with my trail mix confused with

for the next 41 days!'' Uncle Lloyd (Cutler, not Bentsen) shouted. I ducked out.

I knew that there was a spare office in the West Wing, which David probably took over when Uncle Lloyd moved in. So I dashed over there, stuck my head

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No Diplomat

CHARLES POWELL

THIS is a magnificent book. It makes one yearn for the days when the United States had a foreign policy in place of the present mixture of wishful thinking, woolly platitudes, and obsession with tomorrow's newspaper headlines.

Despite its title, the book is not actually about diplomacy, an activity practiced by indisputably superior beings but ultimately on a par with Japanese flower-arranging and Scrabble. Or to put it more kindly, diplomacy is essentially tactics, whereas this book is about foreign-policy-making, grand strategy, and statecraft, all of them arts in which Henry Kissinger is an acknowledged black-belt.

Indeed I doubt that anyone has ever seriously accused Henry Kissinger of being diplomatic. I have a memory of attending a meeting with him at the White House in 1971, a meeting from which Dr. Kissinger was promptly called to attend to something important. A kindly secretary served us coffee to pass the time. The Great Man eventually returned and resumed his flow, only to be brought up short by the sight of our coffee. "Who gave you that?" he demanded accusingly. "It's a terrible mistake to give people coffee. You can't get rid of them."

Diplomacy, by Henry Kissinger (Simon & Schuster, 912 pp., $35)

There is a lot of history in this book, but it illuminates the future more than the past, and that is where its brilliance lies. The fascination is in the maxims it derives, the connections and the linkages it establishes, and the consequences for today's world it draws from past events. It is history with a view, in the grand manner of Arnold Toynbee, rather than the meticulous but excruciating detail of Lewis Namier. And it is written with a verve and panache far removed from the more pallid style of most modern historians.

The latter are exacting revenge by magnifying the book's occasional factual lapses: indeed the draft created by the curling of lips in some academic quarters is currently knocking ten minutes off Eastbound transatlantic flights. But the most readable and entertaining histories are those seen through the eyes of great men; and it would be hard to rival this volume's majestic sweep.

Roman Genn

There are clear winners and losers, among both statesmen and countries. The report cards are fascinating. Some of those the author admires are predictable enough: Richelieu ("the father of the modern state system"), Metternich, Bismarck ("few statesmen have so altered the course of history"), and Theodore Roosevelt ("no other President defined America's world role so completely in terms of national interest").

Others are more unexpected: William of Orange, Disraeli, and Ronald Reagan (". . . was to develop a foreign policy of extraordinary consistency and relevance"). Some equally startling parallels are drawn, for instance between Lord Salisbury and President Bush: "Both men bestrode a world which was receding by the time they came to power, though that fact was not obvious to either of them." Among the dunces is no less a figure than Napoleon ("unable to establish any order among his multitude of aspirations or any relationship between them and the reality emerging all round him"). This boy must try harder, as my Latin teacher used to say.

The message is clear: there is no way either the meek or the improvisers will inherit the earth. In Dr. Kissinger's Pantheon, the highest grades go to those who—or whose advisors—do careful groundwork, practice rigorous analysis, and are capable of sustained strategic thinking. "A statesman's test is whether he can discern from the swirl of tactical decisions the true long-term interests of his country and devise an appropriate strategy for achieving them."

His judgment of nations is no less searching and makes uncomfortable reading in particular for anyone who nurtures a belief that the old nations of Europe are still significant players on the world stage. Britain and France both fail the test. After Suez, each went its own way: "De Gaulle frequently behaved obstreperously in order to make ignoring him painful; Macmillan made it so easy for the United States to solicit Britain's views that ignoring him would have been embarrassing."

But the results were not dissimilar. France emerges as a long-term loser: "France has lacked the power to impose the universalist aspirations it inherited from the French Revolution or the arena to find an adequate outlet for its missionary zeal . . . the prickly style of its diplomacy has been due to attempts by its leaders to perpetuate its role as the center of European policy in an environment increasingly uncongenial to its aspirations."

Britain fares little better. There is sneaking admiration for that nation's "convenient form of ethical egotism: what was good for Britain was consid-

Mr. Powell was private secretary and advisor on foreign affairs and defense to Prime Minister Thatcher. He is currently director of Jardine Matheson Holdings.

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ered good for the rest of the world." And quite right, too, in a surprisingly large number of cases!

The true but scarcely heroic nature of the special relationship is accurately diagnosed: "a common language and cultural heritage combined with great tactfulness to enable British leaders to inject their ideas into the American decision-making process in such a manner that they imperceptibly seemed to be part of Washington's own." But the consequences of the increasing disparity of power are mercilessly exposed: "Great Britain opted for permanent subordination to American policy." Not much room for sentiment here; and although admiration is expressed for Margaret Thatcher's personal qualities—and his review of her own book in the *New York Times Book Review* attributed to her an extraordinary degree of influence over American policy—she is allocated only a very modest walk-on part in world events. It didn't seem like that at the time.

In the end Britain and France are dismissed in the same breath: "none of Europe's erstwhile practitioners of *raison d'état* are now strong enough to act as principals in the emerging international order." Only Germany is seen as still a force, but more a problem than part of a solution. Germany's awkwardness lies in the "unassimilable greatness" Bismarck achieved for it. "Germany has become so strong that existing European institutions cannot by themselves strike a balance between Germany and its European partners."

While admiring the brutality of the reasoning, I question the conclusions on two grounds. First, they underestimate the continued instinct for a world role—albeit a lesser one—in Britain and France. Nationhood is stirring strongly beneath the smokescreen of federalism which is now blowing off Europe's battlefields. It's too soon to write obituaries for the old nation-states of Europe.

Secondly, there is a blind spot for the European Community (or European Union, as we have now to call it). Indeed, revealingly, it does not even get into the index. Irritation with the EC has deep roots in Henry Kissinger's thinking, dating back at least to Europe's ungracious response to his unilaterally proclaimed Year of Europe in 1973. But if the European Union succeeds in embracing the countries of Eastern Europe, it will surely constitute a major *masse de manoeuvre* which will make its mark in the next century.

The central theme of the book, however, is the evolution of United States foreign policy. This is presented in terms of an unending struggle between morality and national interest, with the balance swinging between the two according to the predilections of successive Presidents. Sometimes both tendencies are present simultaneously, most notably when John Foster Dulles abandoned "colonial" Britain and France over Suez while failing to support the Hungarian popular uprising against Soviet colonialism: only one of the occasions when American moralizing has caused the United States' Allies to grind their teeth in rage and frustration. More recent examples lie particularly in the field of trade policy, where the United States' ability to feel itself put upon by the rest of the world is limitless, leading to unilateral protectionist measures like the infamous Super 301. But such mundane matters as trade and economic diplomacy were never high on Henry Kissinger's agenda, and they do not feature significantly in this book, depriving it of an important if less than glittering dimension.

Nonetheless Henry Kissinger's recipe for the future is healthily hard-nosed. In the post–Cold War era "the United States can neither withdraw from the world nor dominate it." It will face a "collapsing world order [which has] spawned a number of states pursuing their national interests, unrestrained by any overriding principles." In this new world, America's primary objective should be to avoid "the domination by a single power of either of Eurasia's two principal spheres, Europe or Asia." It should seek "partially overlapping alliance systems, some focusing on security, others on economic relations." "Integrating Russia into the international system" will be a key task. But we should do it with our eyes open. "Once Russia recovers economically its pressure on neighboring countries is certain to mount . . . Russian reform will be impeded not helped by turning a blind eye to the reappearance of historic Russian imperial pretensions." This means that NATO, which has been marking time since the end of the Cold War, must be reinvigorated, both as an obstacle to Russian expansion and as the principal institutional link between America and Europe. It should not shrink from admitting the nations of Eastern Europe to full membership, over Russian objections if necessary. Self-righteous posturing must be eschewed. In dealing with China, for instance, "the problem is not America's advocacy of its values but the degree to which all aspects of Sino-American relations are made dependent on them." The tactic of withholding American trade is seen as far less likely to influence China than trading with it would.

Wisely, Dr. Kissinger allocates the United Nations no significant role. As President Nixon points out in his last testament: "Can anyone seriously suggest that a collective body such as the UN, nearly one-third of whose members have populations smaller than that of the State of Arkansas, could be 'assertive'?" Rather, it is the United States which must lead; but its interests must shape its commitments rather than the other way round. There is also a healthy reminder of the self-imposed limitations on the exercise of American power: "America must be careful not to multiply moral commitments while the financial and military resources for the conduct of a global policy are being curtailed." One recalls the delicious if possibly apocryphal story of Henry Kissinger telephoning Lawrence Eagleburger in the early stages of the U.S. invasion of Grenada, when it seemed to be failing, and asking: "Larry, what happens when the United States cannot win against a country of 100,000?"

"Well, Henry, I suppose we try one of 20,000."

The conclusion is that America will have to learn to operate in a balance-of-power system, not a million miles removed from that of nineteenth-century Europe. As Yogi Berra said, it's *déjà vu* all over again. The traditional Wilsonian rhetoric is tolerable as a means of persuading the great American public to swallow the castor oil of a foreign policy based squarely on

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America's national interest, but not as a guide to decision-making. One hopes that the message will be heard, because the need for American leadership is as great now as it ever was. Those who believe unreservedly in basing foreign policy on national interest and self-confidence in Western values are currently eclipsed, and not only in the United States. This wholly admirable book should become the rallying point for their resurgence. □

All in the Family

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

PETER COLLIER and David Horowitz have accomplished a remarkable feat: they have wrought out of well-known and even stale materials an engrossing and amusing history. They have woven the stories of the two branches of the most famous political family of our century, those of Oyster Bay and Hyde Park, into a cohesive tale of emulations and feuds, of hates and alliances, in which the great events of six Presidencies (already amply chronicled elsewhere) are subordinated to the portraits of the individual family members. Being a Roosevelt alone is to be granted full treatment in this volume; one need not be a distinguished one. The marriages and sprees of Elliott, for example, are given as much space as TR Junior's governorship of the Philippines, and Kermit's depressions and suicide, the same attention as FDR Junior's career as a congressman. The reader who seeks further enlightenment about trust-busting or the New Deal must look elsewhere.

The Roosevelts: An American Saga, by Peter Collier, with David Horowitz (Simon & Schuster, 502 pp., $27.50)

The authors are aware that these two branches of the Roosevelt tree do not in any real sense constitute a family. TR and FDR were fifth cousins, which is almost no relation at all; we may shoulder in the subway strangers who are closer kin to us than that. Two fifth cousins, assuming no intermarriages, share only two of each's 64 great-great-great-great-grandparents. But distant cousins of the same patronomic often feel much closer to each other than nearer relatives of a different surname; it was the name Roosevelt and what each branch chose to see it standing for that bound Dutchess County to Long Island and ultimately divided them. The young FDR deeply admired TR, followed his footsteps as assistant secretary of the Navy and governor of New York, and, of course, married his niece, which is the crux of the whole story. There was the additional minor but interesting link that

Mr. Auchincloss's latest book is Tales of Yesterday *(Houghton Mifflin), a collection of short stories.*

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FDR's father, as a widower of fifty, before meeting his second wife, Sara Delano, proposed unsuccessfully to a sister of TR.

It is, incidentally, a token of the power of television that half the nation still mispronounces TR and FDR's surname as "Rewsevelt," whereas *no one* ever calls the fortieth President "Reegan," as the spelling of his name might suggest.

Collier and Horowitz are best in two areas: the violent effects of TR's extraordinary temperament on his sons, and Eleanor's long hard struggle to establish her identity against seemingly overwhelming odds. Some of the other sections, such as those covering the endless shabby business deals and sex lives of FDR's sons (16 marriages among the four of them), are for those (no doubt a sufficient number) who wish to learn everything about every Roosevelt.

TR is presented more sympathetically than is sometimes the fashion these days, when in liberal circles his imperialism is seen as jingoistic and his slaughter of wildlife as barely compensated for by his nature preservation. The authors have great admiration for physical courage, and of that he and his sons had a feast. "There were all kinds of things I was afraid of at first," TR wrote in his autobiography, "but by acting as if I was not afraid, I gradually ceased to be afraid." His life from the beginning provided plenty of opportunities for such acting: from grizzly bears and trigger-happy ranch bullies in the Old West, to Bowery thugs in Manhattan where he was police commissioner, to the Spanish artillery on San Juan Hill, and again, after his presidential terms, to charging elephants and lions in Africa and to the deadly reptiles and poisonous insects of the Amazon. That he should have been a hero to his sons, that they should have spent their lives desperately trying to emulate him, was to be foreseen; what seems remarkable is that not one of them ever questioned for a moment that the old man's concept of a man was the only valid one.

Ethel Roosevelt Derby, a friend of my mother's, once told me, in relation to an article in which I had very mildly questioned this aspect of her father, that my trouble was that I thought TR was like his sons. She did not mean to diminish her brothers, to whom she was devoted, but to upgrade her parent. I had as a boy seen all of her family, and though her brothers had struck me as stalwart and gallant gentlemen, I could not but be aware in them of a certain brashness, a core of vanity, a tendency to hold forth rather loudly about their own doings. Then, through their sister's eyes, and now through this book I saw TR in a kindlier, in an actually gentler light.

For although he had threatened to "disinherit" (used, I assume, in a moral sense) any son who refused to play organized sports, when he found that Ted was in danger of hurting himself at Groton in violent competition with older and bigger boys, he wrote him: "Athletic proficiency is a mighty good servant and, like so many servants, a mighty bad master. Did you ever read Pliny's letter to Trajan in which he speaks of it's being advisable to keep the Greeks absorbed in athletics because it distracted their minds from all serious pursuits, including soldiering?"

And when in World War I Archie and Ted were both in the trenches and resolved to remain there to the bitter end, he wrote the former: "If *after* you have been in the fighting line—whether for a short or long time matters not—you are offered a staff place *where you can be useful*, it would be foolish to refuse it merely because it was 'less dangerous.' "

But these words fell on deaf ears. Archie and Ted, wounded again and again, resisted all efforts of their superiors to keep them from the front, and Archie even accused their younger brother, Quentin, an aviator whose squadron was kept for some months behind the lines through no fault of his own but because of Pershing's distrust of airplanes, of being a "slacker"! What must he have felt when Quentin was later killed in action?

World War II found the surviving three brothers, now pushing fifty, almost hysterically anxious for combat duty, and all achieving it. Scrambling for the most dangerous assignments in units where the other men were of an age to be their sons they were in peril of seeming faintly ludicrous, hobbling parodies of their prodigious parent. Ted even sent Kermit a white feather because he had not enlisted quite as fast as Ted felt he should have! But when one reads of Ted's death of a heart attack during the fighting that followed the Normandy landings and of Archie's standing up in a small boat in the Philippines to attract enemy fire so that their base could be spotted, one can only remove one's hat.

Eleanor provides the most opposite story one can imagine. We all know the tale of the plain little orphan girl, lonely and unloved, who cannot fathom why the dazzling young Franklin has chosen her and submits slavishly to the dictates of his dominating mother. But her extraordinary incompetence as a mother came as a surprise to this reader. That she should have exposed her infant daughter to the supposedly bracing winter weather by suspending her outside a window in a box made of wire mesh until the neighbors threatened to call the SPCC, that she should have tied the child's hands to the bedposts to prevent her from masturbating, that she should have paid so little attention to the nursery that she failed for months to learn that even the boys were afraid of a brutal nurse, seemed excessive to me until I recalled how many mothers of that period and class did just those crazy things. They were well educated culturally, but utterly untrained in domestic tasks and the care of infants, and they were subjected to the fashionable new psychologists of the era, who included many unintentional quacks.

But poor Eleanor failed not only with her children, who never felt that she loved them, but with her husband. She regarded sex as something she had to endure and after the birth of her sixth and last child closed her bedroom door permanently to a spouse whose immediate transfer of his affections to a mistress she nonetheless passionately resented and never forgave. The story of how at last, with the aid of Louis Howe, she turned her life around to become the symbol to

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millions all over the world of a government that *could* care for the underprivileged, is again an old story, but it is told here with a twist. The authors make it clear that she never forgave herself for failing as the wife that FDR needed or as the mother his children did, and that she also never forgave any of those (like her mother-in-law and her cousin Alice Longworth) whose lack of love and sympathy for her had contributed to these failures.

Thus we see her, pathetically, at the end of FDR's life, reluctantly conceding that he *must* have the relaxation, in a war that was clearly killing him, of a cocktail hour, after grinding work, with gossip and giggles and pretty ladies, but nonetheless bitterly resenting even her own daughter for providing these things. A terrible picture is given of her barging in on one of these sessions with a sheaf of papers about her own philanthropic concerns and saying gravely: "Franklin, I *must* talk to you," only to have him, understandably, angrily thrust her documents aside, to let her leave the room with a grim: "I'm sorry." What an ending to the greatest political partnership of our times!

As in any compilation of well-known anecdotes about famous people, some are folklore also attributable to other notables, and others are subject to different interpretations. For example, the story of Nicholas Longworth, ruefully stroking his bald head and then agreeing with the crude gentleman who had just likened it to his own wife's behind, has been told of plenty of other bald pates, starting with Chauncey Depew's. And the incident of Eleanor asking Alice Longworth to do her acclaimed parody of the First Lady at a White House function and being sport enough to join in the laughter that followed, has been more interestingly interpreted by those who saw in it Eleanor's chance to "put down" her always mocking cousin by forcing her to do her skit under circumstances where her embarrassment would cause her to make a hash of it. The latter version sounds more like the Eleanor who emerges from these pages. □

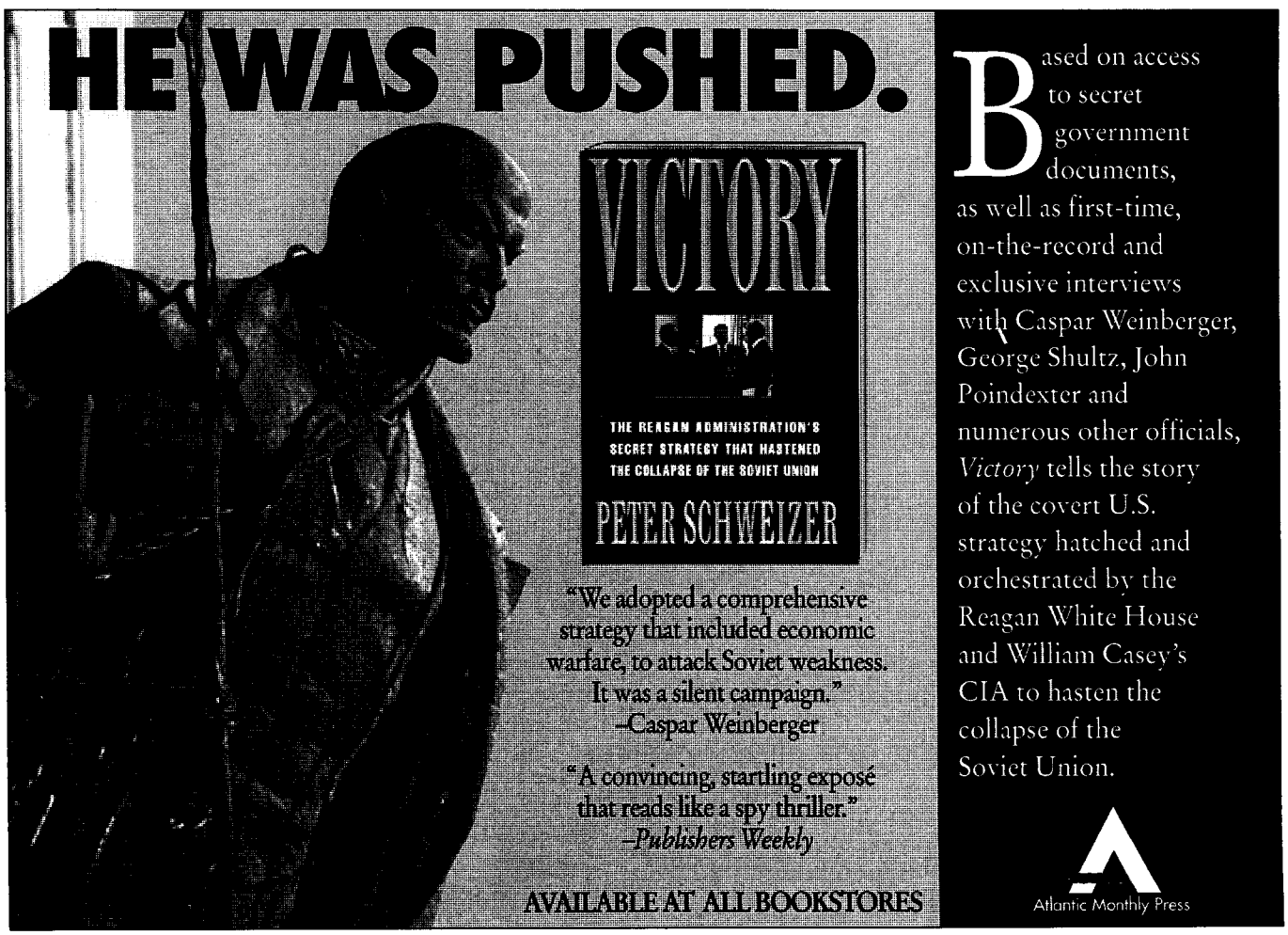
Sit Down, Please

JOHN PODHORETZ

DAN QUAYLE has made a mistake. The mistake is his book, *Standing Firm*, which will enhance neither his reputation nor that of the Administration he served so ably and thanklessly. He goes to some lengths to defend George Bush and his policies, and Mr. Quayle's loyalty to a man who was admirably loyal to him is a mark of unimpeachable character.

Standing Firm, by Dan Quayle (HarperCollins, 402 pp., $25)

But it proves fatal for his odd amalgam of apologia, conservative polemic,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insider gossip, and 1996 campaign platform.

Standing Firm is all these things, and none of them. Mr. Quayle tries to use the book as a reclamation project for his persona, his political future, and his reputation. He might have succeeded with one of these formidable tasks, but he cannot succeed with all three at once. *Standing Firm* contains few interesting Oval Office anecdotes, its polemic is formulaic, and he offers only the most obvious criticisms of the failed policies of the Bush and Clinton Administrations.

The only original moments come when Mr. Quayle describes how the Vice Presidency and his relentlessly bad publicity disrupted his family's contentment. He sensitively portrays Marilyn's perpetual anger and their children's discomfort at Secret Service interference and at the incessant insults to their father they had to suffer through while watching television.

What Mr. Quayle needed to do was write an important book, a book of genuine intellectual merit about the nature of political power in the United States and the challenge of functioning under adverse conditions—his version of *White House Years* or even *Six Crises*.

Such a book would have served his cause, because the fact is that Mr. Quayle's stature problem is not simply an invention of the liberal media. Alas, even for those of us who wish him well and would be happy with a man of his views behind the desk in the Oval Office, there is something naggingly incomplete about the man. He seems bereft of pitch; from his first moment as a national figure he could never find the right tone in which to discuss serious matters. That continues here. Rather than closing the "stature gap" with a book that would reveal the serious policymaker hidden from us by the slings and arrows of the late-night television shows, Mr. Quayle has instead given us an exercise in pop politics.

The assault on Jack Kemp and the dismissive comments about William Bennett were the so-called "nuclear tips" that launched the book onto the best-seller list and have provoked intense discussions in Republican circles. The common wisdom holds that Mr. Quayle is taking aim at his rivals for the 1996 nomination, but I'm not sure that's really true.

At unguarded moments in the course of the book, Mr. Quayle inadvertently reveals that he is choked with rage at the injustice of his low standing. I suspect that his anger at Mr. Kemp actually has its roots in the kid-gloves treatment the former HUD Secretary received at the hands of the media during the Bush years.

Of course, it's easy to stand on the sidelines and criticize, to play armchair psychologist; one doesn't really know, can't really know, what it's like to be in Dan Quayle's shoes. As Vice President, he was surely in the most frustrating position in modern American political history: a heartbeat away from the Presidency and a national laughing-stock; one of the most important men in the world and one of the least respected.

But even given the injustices done to him, there's something unseemly about a man who attained the second-highest office in the most powerful country in the world at the age of 41 assuming the mantle of victim. It was a job Mr. Quayle lobbied for and got, a job that has been the subject of national ridicule quite frequently in the course of the last two centuries. It happened that Mr. Quayle came on the scene at a time in American humor when all the traditional targets had been taken away from our comedians—no more routines about ethnic groups, or the handicapped, or the retarded, or women. Polish jokes, blonde jokes, and retard jokes all needed a new subject, and comics latched onto the words "Dan Quayle" as if they were a life raft.

It was awful for him, no doubt about it. But the rules for fame and political power have been changing very rapidly of late, and nobody is given advance warning of changes. If Mr. Quayle proved himself unequal to the special problems of being a Vice President in our all-media democracy, that is more his fault than he is willing to concede.

One of the qualities we desire in a political leader is that if he produces books, they should be substantive books. Ronald Reagan's stature was diminished by the poor job he and his ghostwriter did on his autobiography, and rightly so. *Standing Firm* is really not a fitting last word from a man who has served his country with honor and distinction. □

Mr. Podhoretz is the author of Hell of a Ride: Backstage at the White House Follies 1989–1993 *(Simon & Schuster) and the TV critic of the* New York Post. *He is writing a book on the GOP for Putnam.*

Up in Smoke

ANDREW FERGUSON

IN THE daily melodramas of Washington life—at least the stock versions offered by the hometown paper and the network news—the plots are predictable and the characters easy to read. We have good guys (public-interest lawyers, environmentalists, idealistic congressmen calling for an "expanded federal role"), and we have bad guys (pro-lifers, Second Amendment enthusiasts, people with Pentagon contracts). And then we have the really, *really* bad guys: the publicists, talking heads, and spinmeisters of the Tobacco Institute, the infamous lobbying arm of the tobacco industry.

Thank You for Smoking, by Christopher Buckley (Random House, 272 pp., $22)

Watching one of these poor souls bob and weave on *MacNeil–Lehrer*, or grimace through a grilling on the morning shows, you can't help wondering: What's it like to be so openly hated, so contemptuously disbelieved, as the fellow who drags himself from bed each morning to defend a product only slightly more popular than Thalidomide? Does his mom hate him, too? Does his wife believe him when he explains why he's late for dinner? Do the kids mind when the Discovery channel compares dad to Himmler? Has he never thought of chucking it all for an easier job—say, writing jokes for Elie Wiesel?

Not all of those human questions are specifically asked and answered by

Mr. Ferguson is a senior writer for The Washingtonian.

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Christopher Buckley in *Thank You for Smoking*, his new satirical novel; actually, none of them is. But Mr. Buckley has set for himself the large task of entering that rarefied circle of PR hell where the tobacco spokesman resides, to give him flesh and depth, to show with some sympathy his inner life, to share his pain. And then to kill him off. Or almost kill him off.

Our hero is Nick Naylor, chief spokesman for the Academy of Tobacco Studies (for which read: the Tobacco Institute). Like many spokesfolk, Nick is a journalist who failed upward. As a local Washington TV reporter he made the mistake one evening of announcing to a live television audience that the President had, in fact, died, when he had, in fact, not. For that minor error he was removed from the trade of journalism and entered the trade of public relations, where inaccuracy is more highly prized. The pay is better, too.

Nick's job of ceaseless prevarication does not especially trouble him. And Mr. Buckley records his dissembling with such precision, and such relish, that we won't be especially bothered by it, either. Here, to take one of his riffs at random, is Nick pleading for a ceasefire in the smoking wars, with Katie Couric (one of many media stars who make cameos in the novel): "Well, Katie, you can't spell tolerance without the *t* in *tobacco*. Our position all along has been, we understand there are people who care strongly about smoking. We're saying, Let's work together on this. Let's get some dialogue going. This is a big country, a great country, and there's plenty of room in it for smoking *and* nonsmoking areas."

The patter is worthy of Elmer Gantry or Professor Harold Hill. Like them, too, Nick is a bottomless fount of information. Did you know that smoking prevents Parkinson's disease? *Scientific data suggest that it does*. And smoking reduces the incidence of carpal-tunnel syndrome, since smokers take more frequent breaks from their computer keyboards. At the same time, bans on smoking in the workplace have led to an alarming rise in pneumonia, from thrusting smokers into the elements merely because they've chosen to enjoy a pleasurable recreational activity enjoyed by forty million other Americans.

In thus defending the right to smoke, Nick is cheered on by the MOD Squad—a small luncheon group that takes its name from its members' reputations as Merchants of Death. Charter members are Bobby Jay, of "SAFETY, the Society for the Advancement of Firearms and Effective Training of Youth, formerly NRTBAC, the National Right to Bear Arms Committee," and Polly of the "Moderation Council, formerly the National Association for Alcoholic Beverages."

I do not doubt that in the vast chow dens of Washington, some equivalent of the MOD Squad actually exists. "Their guests had come from such groups as the Society for the Humane Treatment of Calves, representing the veal industry, the Friends of Dolphins, formerly the Pacific Tuna Fishermen's Association, the American Highway Safety Association, representing triple-trailer truckers, the Land Enrichment Foundation, formerly the Coalition for the Responsible Disposal of Radioactive Waste, and others."

What brings this sad band of brothers and sisters together is their shared fate: to defend, for pay, the quotidian pleasures and practices of American life against the assaults of a new, aggressive, and spectacularly priggish political culture. But the MOD Squad's solidarity is sorely tested when the going gets even tougher, as it does when a band of anti-smoking zealots (or so it seems) kidnaps Nick and attempts to terminate him with extreme prejudice, by plastering him with (what else?) nicotine patches. From here the plot accelerates; I won't spoil your pleasure by telling you where it leads, except to say that you'll be amazed at where you end up.

This is Mr. Buckley's third novel. His first, *The White House Mess*, was the funniest Washington novel since John Dean's memoirs. His next, *Wet Work*, was darker and more ambitious, illuminated from time to time by hilarious send-ups of Washington life. *Thank You for Smoking* is, in its own way, just as ambitious, at once a mystery, a political drama, and a knowing social satire of the first rank. It's a dicey combination, and I can't think of another contemporary American novelist who could pull it off with such dexterity and high spirits. Mr. Buckley's ear for the cant of bureaucracy and publicity is pitch-perfect, and his rendering of the essential absurdity of

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so much of Washington life is unsparing but always humane. Christopher Buckley's Washington is much more entertaining than the stock version, and, I'm sorry to say, much more believable. □

FILM

B Movies

JOHN SIMON

BAD GIRLS is not the first female western, but it is the first to receive much—though mostly unfavorable—attention. Why? To begin with, it has four heroines, making it a buddy or gang western, the supposed equivalent of *The Wild Bunch*, which it variously pays homage to and rips off. Second, its heroines are whores, or ex-whores, which is a novelty. Only a seeming one, though, for all of them have hearts of—maybe not quite gold, but certainly silver.

All these beauties ended up in a saloon instead of a salon through unkind circumstances wholly beyond their control. As a result, they are not really that hoary cliché the whore with the heart of gold, but hearts of gold briefly tainted by whoring—a newer cliché. Yet were they ever bona-fide harlots, to use the period parlance? One woman declares, "At least I never let one of them kiss me," a not inconsiderable victory in the kind of gun-happy bordello we're shown.

Authenticity, however, isn't this movie's saddlebag—not as written by Ken Friedman (to titillate male viewers) and Yolande Finch (to satisfy women, including the odd slumming feminist in the audience). What you get, then, is 4 Girls 4 for all tastes. There is Madeleine Stowe, who looks like a porcelain figurine, but has a raging toughness just under the skin. There is Mary Stuart Masterson, who looks like the girl next door, but has an asexual tomboyishness not without its faintly kinky appeal. And there is Drew Barrymore, who has physically, but in no other way, outgrown her image as a tough little child star, and thus vaguely suggests another kind of kinkiness. As for the fourth, Andie MacDowell, an actress hard to take when she plays a human being, she is passable as a fantasy figure of magnolia-drenched, Old Southern bimbohood.

Now add to this mix four men—an impossibly sweet, boyish homesteader (James LeGros); a soldier of fortune *cum* knight in shining armor (Dermot Mulroney); a raspy-voiced, whip-wielding heavy, who manhandles women (James Russo); and a dirty old man, indeed a truly grimy, evil old codger (Robert Loggia)—and you have something for a whole palette of female appetites as well.

Still, despite Jonathan Kaplan's earnest direction—or, perhaps, because of it—the film fails pretty miserably as a western, for all its pseudo-antique sepia photography by Ralph Bode, and its old-fashioned movie-movie music by Jerry Goldsmith. But maybe the intention was to make a disguised social documentary about the problems of equal employment for women. For the main plot concerns, ultimately, the women's trek to Oregon, where one of them has inherited some profitable timberland: "We sold our bodies, why can't we sell some wood?" she asks. I think I would have enjoyed a film about the women running a thriving sawmill a whole lot more, but, unlike the film's heroines, you don't always end up getting what you wanted.

■ What I did not especially want is a film about the early history of the Beatles, a kind of biographical prequel. ***Backbeat*** is mainly the story of the fifth Beatle (experts tell me that there was more than one fifth Beatle), the seemingly legendary Stuart Sutcliffe, who, though not much of a musician, joined the band out of deep friendship for, and suggestibility by, John Lennon—only to quit it under the circumstances that form the main narrative.

Sutcliffe, it seems, had real talent as a painter, and his works are still being posthumously exhibited; though how much of that has to do with merit, and how much with his having been, however briefly, the fifth Beatle, is hard to tell. I cannot evaluate his musical talent, small by his own and other people's estimate: pop music is not my beat—not even backbeat. I was once goaded by curiosity to accept being taken to the Beatles' first American concert, which did not make me want to pursue their trail any further, although I enjoyed their early movies. I bear them neither grudge nor fealty, and merely wish they would forgo their periodic, loudly publicized announcements about re-forming their group.

Backbeat begins with John Lennon and his art-school mate Stuart Sutcliffe getting into a Merseyside barroom brawl. As they taunt some sailors, they get savagely beaten; Stuart's head is viciously kicked, which may have contributed to his early demise at 21, though drugs and illness helped. These opening scenes, as written and directed by Iain Softley and shot by Ian Wilson (whose credits include *The Crying Game* and the current, not uninteresting *The Secret Rapture*), have a rowdy zest to them, and convey the pungent intensity of Sutcliffe and Lennon's friendship.

As we skip ahead to the formation of the early Beatles band, their arrival in Hamburg, and their struggle for success in various more or less disreputable dives, the film captures something of the ambiguities of these provincial English lads let loose on Germany, notably on such "Exis" (existentialists) as Astrid Kirchherr, a young photographer, and her illustrator boyfriend, Klaus Voorman (that spelling, given in the press kit, seems suspect). The movie is torn between the story of its central triangle, the steamy Lennon–Sutcliffe camaraderie intruded on by Stu's nascent affair with Astrid, and

Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.

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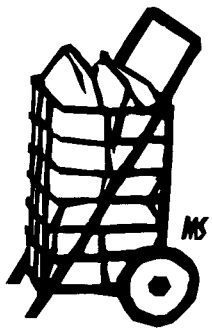
the account of the Beatles' tortuous rise to fame. Part of the trouble is that too many of the persons depicted are still alive; another problem is that the film has too many frantic events to encompass, such as the subplot of Stu's rivenness between loyalty to the band and the urge to become a painter.

John's initially fanatical resentment of Astrid, and his serious threat to quit the band if Stu were replaced by a better bass guitarist, suggest depths unplumbed by the script. Even the relationship with Astrid, poised on the verge of marriage, is insufficiently explored. The worst lack, however, is that of continuity: brief individual scenes may register forcefully, but getting to the next one, the film is apt to stagger. Furthermore, in its aim to be open to various interpretations, it courts amorphousness. Ambiguity, a fine device, becomes dangerous in the wrong hands. And for American viewers, there is the added obstacle of the Scouse spoken by many of the characters, which takes a lot of aural fine-tuning.



The music of the movie is not at all the Beatles', but was written by Don Was, and performed by musicians he picked. It does, however, capture the Beatles' spirit, if not the letter. Sheryl Lee, best remembered as the dead Laura Palmer of *Twin Peaks*, is the child of German immigrants and gets Astrid's accent right; she acts well, but is less alluring than the real-life Astrid was. An American, Stephen Dorff, is Stuart, and he certainly manages to be as soulfully surly as one of his heroes, James Dean, and as marked by fate as the other, the painter Nicolas de Staël. Miss Kirchherr says he even looks like Stu. The others are scarcely lookalikes, but Ian Hart, who has played Lennon before, turns in a riveting performance. Kai Wiesinger is touching as Klaus, and Scot Williams, one of several Liverpudlians in the cast, is amusing as Pete Best, the drummer who was superseded by Ringo Starr for refusing to cut his hair in the Beatles style.

That was Astrid's grand contribution: redesigning the Beatles sartorially and tonsorially. Even so, I think the press kit is a bit skewed (as well as ungrammatical) in its assertion that this Anglo-German love story "not only changed the lives of Stuart, Astrid, and John, but the entire world." Astrid herself sounds puzzling today, when she avers that Stu "was way ahead of his time and an outstanding person. [Yet] it's silly to say now that he would have been a well-known artist or actor or writer." Well, then, what was he outstanding at? At being outstanding?

■ Henry Jaglom is a curiously marginal but persistent filmmaker, who has made a number of little-known films, some with big stars, some with women he was, or wanted to be, intimate with. As a result, he often acts in his movies (not particularly well), besides writing and directing them. Recently, he has hit on a formula: pick an exotic place, a concept, an activity, and interview a bunch of people associated with or involved in it. One such venture was called *Eating*; the current one is ***Babyfever***, and concerns the attitudes of a couple of dozen women toward having or not having babies as their biological clocks tick on.

What passes for a plot is the dilemma of Gena (Victoria Foyt, the co-writer, and Mr. Jaglom's wife), torn between marrying a comfortable but unloved boyfriend, James—a lawyer who may just have impregnated her—and yielding to a glamorous movie-star lover who pops up out of her distant past with a sudden urge to have a child by her. At a baby shower for a friend, some twenty or thirty women, including Gena, show up, and are interviewed on camera by a woman filmmaker doing a documentary on this very subject of "Babyfever." Gena keeps making anxious phone calls to the lab to find out if she is pregnant, and James shows up inopportunely to importune her. There is also a flimsy subplot about the hostess's husband, who is duplicitously hiding his bankruptcy from his wife.

It is hard to judge how many of the interviews are improvised: some are interesting, as are some of the women's faces and personalities. But the multiplicity, longwindedness, and rep-

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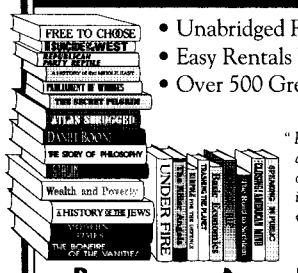

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etitiousness of these interviews ends in stupendous surfeit. Victoria Foyt is handsome and seems talented (though not as a writer); it has to be conceded that, over the years, Mr. Jaglom has had some very fetching actresses. Some women must be desperate to be in movies—any movies. □

DELECTATIONS

No Pie in the Sky

LINDA BRIDGES

WHY is airline food the way it is, and why doesn't someone do something about it?

Actually, there are people—such as my contrarian colleague David Klinghoffer—who claim to like it in nearly all its manifestations. (Could it be that what they really like is those clever little containers, reminiscent of the TV dinners of our childhood?) On the other end of the spectrum are those who opt out, either taking a sleeping pill and spending the entire flight in a coma, or bringing their own food—whether a sandwich, as John O'Sullivan does, or Digby Anderson's five-course, home-cooked meal.

But most of us fall somewhere in the middle, regarding the meal service as part of the essential rhythm of any flight over about two hours—perhaps a nostalgic carryover from railroad days—but annoyed that so much of the time it isn't done better.

And there is just enough good airline food to remind us that it isn't impossible. The easiest, though least feasible, way to get a good meal at 35,000 feet is to fly first class on an airline that cares about its food, like South African (at least up to now), or Korean, or Air France.

But let's face it, even for those who could afford it, going via Paris or Johannesburg appreciably increases the flight time from Pittsburgh to Phoenix. So, as a solution to our more quotidian airline-food problems, all we can do is search for the airlines that currently have the best, or least bad, kitchens. And in the longer run, we can try to persuade our favorite airlines to grasp what they're doing wrong, and change it.

The first thing they do wrong is treat their customers like underprivileged children who require a Hot Meal. Cold meals are no less nutritious than hot, and a great deal likelier to be good than reheated ones. Indeed, the best economy-class meals (and among the best airline meals over all) I've ever had are the cold lunches Air France serves on its intra-European flights: two or three kinds of smoked or salted fish, a pâté, a potato salad or cold vegetable salad, a bite of cheese, and a small pastry. Each item delicious, and perfectly harmonizing with the others. And the raw materials are just as readily available in this country nowadays as they are in France.

Some domestic carriers do follow a similar pattern with an American accent, and they should be praised, and encouraged to do better still. I recall one lunch on United—half a roast-beef sandwich, cheese and crackers, a salad, some nice Pepperidge Farm cookies. The only problem was the salad, since lettuce doesn't improve by sitting after it is torn up; a green-bean salad—or Air France's macedoine of carrots, green beans, and peas—would have done better. Still, a pleasurable meal. Another version was the New York–to–Chicago meal American served for years: two mini sandwiches (one corned beef and one turkey, if memory serves) on pleasant little rolls, a baby Gouda, and half a hard-boiled egg (boiled rigid, to be sure, but not bad with a bit of mayonnaise and mustard).

The second common error is to offer dishes that sound luxurious—like grilled salmon or steak or, in first class, roast meats—but that can't stand reheating. What reheats best? Stews and braises, of course. United used to know this, and for nearly two decades they consistently offered, as one of their three choices, braised short-ribs, or a chicken fricassee, or best of all, on Fridays, a tomato-based seafood stew that you would have been happy to serve in your own home. Nearly as forgiving as stews are baked pastas, which U.S. Air has lately been offering—lasagna and ziti and ravioli. But all too common are the above-mentioned salmon and steak, and assorted dried-out chicken breasts, not to be compared with the mystery meats served in days gone by on Eastern Air Lines and Aeroflot, but still, pretty bad.

A more recent problem has been the reaction to various health scares. United has explicitly, in frequent-flier mailings, touted its broiled and roasted meats as "healthier." Than what? Not than the older stews and braises. And while I don't miss the greasy sandwiches TWA used to serve on its red-eye flights, there must be a happy medium between them and the totally unlubricated turkey sandwiches Delta recently offered. Providing those little squeeze-packets of mayonnaise and mustard, the way American used to with the hard-boiled egg, would let lunchers calibrate taste *v.* calories. And if low-sodium, low-cholesterol meals are wanted, a variant of that Air France cold plate could be put together with poached or steamed fishes instead of cured ones, and a vegetable and chicken terrine in place of the pork pâté. Virtually cholesterol-free, too, is a salad of pasta shells and tuna, with peas and diced red pepper, dressed with pesto. Or veal marengo. Or chicken cacciatore.

And while we're at it, how about bringing back my seafood stew? □

Miss Bridges is NR*'s managing editor.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Dogmatic Wisdom: How the Culture Wars Divert Education and Distract America, by Russell Jacoby (Doubleday, 235 pp., $22.95)

WITH the absurdities of multiculturalism and political correctness growing more grotesque by the day, many moderate educators who have gone along with the assault on standards and tradition would now like to distance themselves from the extremists. But how to accomplish this without oneself becoming a victim of the thought police? The favored method, adopted by Russell Jacoby, is to search out a middle ground from which to criticize both upholders of and assailants against the Western tradition. Mr. Jacoby's version of this *hors-de-combat*-ism consists in maintaining that both camps

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in the culture wars "distract America" from issues more important than any cultural struggle. Replacing William Shakespeare with Alice Walker is "mainly beside the point." The real crisis in education comes from . . . a shortage of classroom space. And, oh yes, from the evils of "commercialism," luring students from the liberal arts into vocational education. In other words, all problems come down, as usual, to the evils of society. Mr. Jacoby, it turns out, *is* on one side in the culture wars, and that is the liberal one.

—PETER SHAW

Destinations Past: Traveling through History with John Lukacs, by John Lukacs (University of Missouri Press, 248 pp., $26.95)

LEAVE it to a historian of Mr. Lukacs's stature to be unsatisfied with travel writing that transports us from place to place only; he extends us imaginatively through time as well. Culled from over forty years of accounts of his travels, for journals from *The New Yorker* to NATIONAL REVIEW, these essays show Lukacs at his relaxed and inspired best. His command of detail is matched by a voice that lapses easily into the historical present without sounding like a brochure, affording alternately stark and lyrical evocations of places and times past. His boyhood memories of pre-war Hungary are especially moving, as are fleeting impressions of Venice and Vienna; he sees Philadelphia with the eyes of a foreigner; his long account of Winston Churchill's funeral marks the ineluctable passing of an era; he revisits the ancient cities of Eastern Europe to witness their liberations from Communism; "A Night at the Dresden Opera" takes us along. Lukacs imposes no lessons. He lets history speak for itself, which is manna in an ideological age.

—TRACY LEE SIMMONS

The Prairie Traveler, by Randolph B. Marcy (Perigee, 230 pp., $10)

WHEN Captain Marcy wrote this interesting, instructive, and once famous handbook in 1859, he was providing highly practical tips on how to negotiate the overland trails westward across America; how to manage horses, mules, and oxen, what provisions to take, which guns to use, how to survive the desert and the weather, rattlesnakes and savages. As he says himself, it was often the army that bridged "the chasm between the culture of civilization and the powerful simplicity of nature." He explains complex procedures, such as the repair of wagons and the crossing of flooded rivers, with a clarity that should shame the authors of modern manuals on how to program a VCR. The children of today, for whom even the classic Western tales seem to be passing out of view, can learn from Captain Marcy how much, and with what spirit, their forebears endured. The rest of us may be gratified to know that the Westerns were pretty accurate. The mealy-mouthed re-publishers can barely bring themselves to admit that Marcy talks about "Indians," let alone to include in their summary that, though properly respectful of the skill and courage shown by the Delaware scouts who guided him, he had few illusions about the bloodthirsty and predatory habits of the Native Americans whom travelers were likely to encounter in the West.

—ANTHONY LEJEUNE

RABKIN

(Continued from page 36)

issues with environmental and labor standards comes precisely from developed nations (especially in Western Europe: France was particularly effusive in its endorsement of the Clinton proposals). It is the developed nations that fear competition from less developed countries with laxer regulatory or labor standards.

Of course, if an American Administration wants to pursue such policies at the WTO on a large scale, it will find interested partners. But NAFTA is already a much more inviting forum for such ventures, given its smaller scale and its lop-sided linking of two rich nations with one poor nation. With more than 120 members in the WTO, champions of international social regulation are most unlikely to be able to secure a two-thirds majority for their schemes (much less secure a three-quarters majority to impose universal compliance). In practice, the WTO promises to discipline this temptation far more than it would extend or encourage it.

Still, conservatives might want to allay concerns about sovereignty by adding a provision to our GATT legislation which clearly confirms that no WTO rulings or standards will take effect in U.S. domestic law without independent action by Washington. There is surely no harm in pinning down this understanding. It might also be worth while to stipulate that the President or the U.S. Trade Representative make regular reports to Congress clarifying the U.S. negotiating stance toward new standards under consideration at WTO—a useful check on bureaucratic momentum and secret diplomacy.

But a breakdown of world trade—which is what the rejection of the WTO at this stage might mean—would be a disaster for the world. The experience of the 1930s, the last time the trading system broke down completely, might remind us that conservatives do not derive even tactical advantage from general disasters. □

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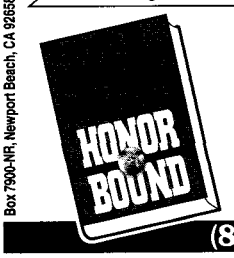

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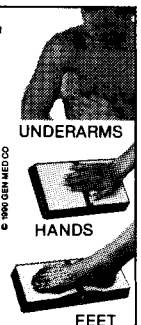

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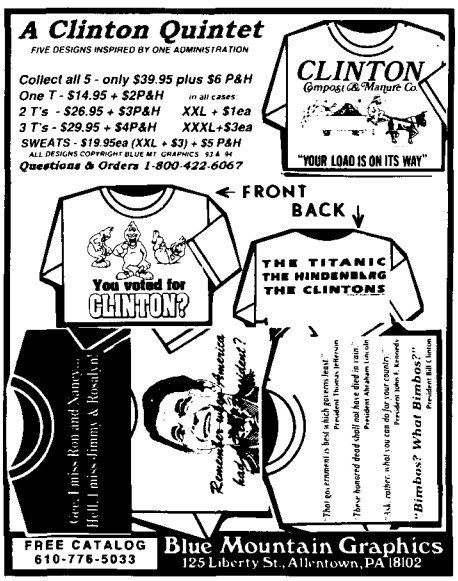
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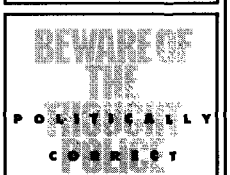

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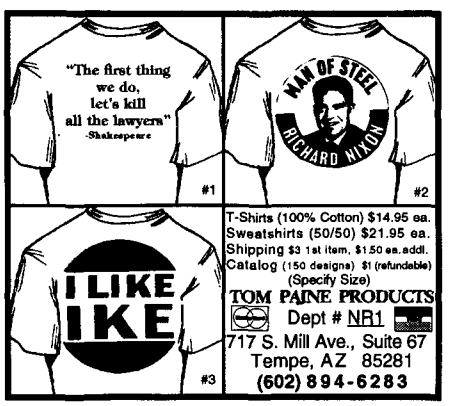

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SEAVEY

(Continued from page 28)

In fact, Brennan was heckled throughout his speech. As his nominator, I was disappointed that his "friendly" criticism of Stern's candidacy was making him come across as *the* anti-Stern candidate.

Brennan's speech even had the astonishing effect of bringing together (for a brief moment) Stern and Stern's real enemy in the race, Buffalo lawyer James Ostrowski. Ostrowski has maintained a certain frowny-faced integrity throughout the Stern hubbub, asking the party to distance itself from Stern and take the election seriously. Stern, shocked to hear Brennan criticize his candidacy, leaned over to ask Ostrowski, "What is Joe doing?"

Ostrowski, in his characteristic bored monotone, replied, "It's very hard sometimes to tell what Joe's thinking."

Brennan may have unintentionally helped Stern win votes from some of the old Libertarians, because Stern became irked by Brennan's comments and proceeded to give a surprisingly serious speech. He emphasized his own libertarianism, his desire to help the party, and his strategic decision to have Dworkin as his running-mate because "Stan is someone the mainstream can accept." He called for the legalization of drugs and observed that J. Edgar Hoover had decided to keep the FBI out of drug investigations because of the corrupting effects of drug money on law enforcement.

A reporter from the cable channel Comedy Central asked Stern if he might eventually run for President, but Stern refused to answer, even though Comedy Central had gone to the trouble of sending a beautiful reporter with large breasts. I didn't understand Stern's refusal—Comedy Central seems like a natural vehicle for his campaign—but the reporter later explained to me that Stern doesn't want them airing Stern-related material from which he is unable to get royalties. It will be interesting to see how that affects the publicity-stunt value of the campaign for Stern's employers at Infinity.

In the end, Stern was the overwhelming victor. Of 381 votes cast, he got 287, his closest competitor being Ostrowski with 34. If Stern gets over 50,000 votes in the election, which seems likely, the Libertarians will get the advantage of an automatic listing on the ballot for the next four years, instead of having to run petition drives.

"I don't think they'll screw the pooch," said Vogel, which caused me a moment of confusion, since Stern, on a recent broadcast, had jokingly suggested the formation of a North American Man–Dog Love Association. What Vogel meant was that the party probably wouldn't do anything to ruin this unique opportunity.

However, there are those like Party Secretary Lisa Clark, a serious Rand Objectivist, who wore a button that said, "I'd sell my soul for ballot access, but I won't nominate Howard Stern." For a party that basically advocates respectful, armed pacifism to be represented by rude hooligans seems inappropriate to her.

My own attitude is that almost anything that attracts attention to the ideas of less government and more individual rights is probably a good thing. If Stern can do that, it will be exciting for pro-Stern and anti-Stern Libertarians alike. □

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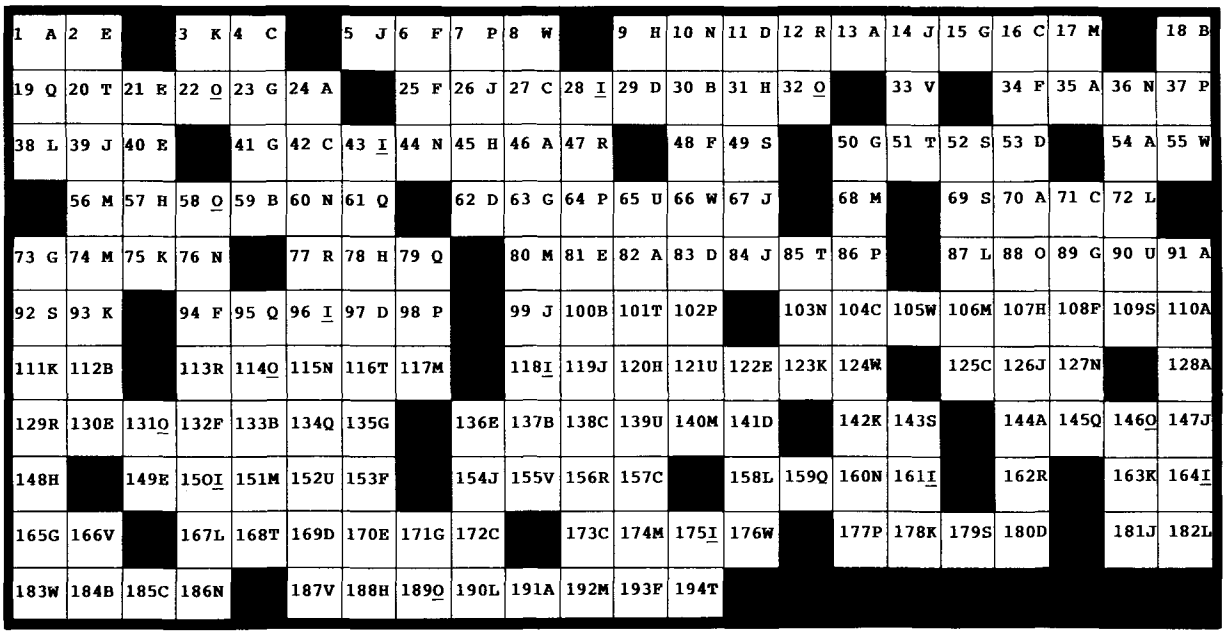
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Grit, Latinately — 82 35 128 91 191 54 13 110 46 144 / 1 70 24

B. Hard-heartedness — 59 133 112 137 30 100 18 184

C. It's above the Humber estuary (2 words) — 16 42 138 125 172 27 4 104 71 173 / 185 157

D. It's connected to the shin bone — 29 141 53 97 83 62 169 180 11

E. Moving slowly—to the sawmill? — 40 170 2 136 81 130 122 21 149

F. Hard — 25 108 153 34 132 94 193 6 48

G. Pol Pot's gang (2 words) — 73 41 50 135 165 89 23 63 171 15

H. Love goddess — 120 9 188 148 78 45 57 107 31

I. Rainy-day friend — 96 175 118 150 161 43 28 164

J. Not too serious, organically — 67 147 5 126 154 99 119 39 84 181 / 26 14

K. Wyoming tribe — 93 163 75 3 178 142 123 111

L. Wondering preposition — 87 182 167 72 158 190 38

M. Like command economies — 151 56 117 80 192 68 106 174 140 74 / 17

N. Camera appurtenance — 160 44 186 76 103 115 60 36 127 10

O. Cheered for — 146 58 114 88 131 22 189 32

P. Group of West Indian islands — 86 37 102 177 7 64 98

Q. Lacking true depth — 61 145 159 134 19 95 79

R. Tearful deceit? — 156 47 129 113 162 12 77

S. Colorful motel chain (2 words) — 92 179 69 52 109 49 143

T. Maligned ice-cream flavor — 101 85 168 20 194 116 51

U. Bothered — 65 121 90 152 139

V. African republic — 187 155 33 166

W. Angry — 183 105 55 66 124 176 8

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. W. C. O'DONOVAN: *Credit Is Due:* "There is no way to figure out how many American lives were saved by the Cambodian invasion, but I would guess a thousand. Certainly, the war itself was a huge mistake, but remember that Nixon inherited it from LBJ."

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Whom Will The GOP Nominate?

NEW YORK, MAY 13

The question is put to you obsessively, What about 1996? It isn't so that the reason for it is the apparent vulnerability of Mr. Clinton. The question seems to command attention without any particular regard to the betting odds on the race itself. In 1936 and again in 1940 the question was, Whom would the Republicans nominate for President? Even though running against FDR became something like running against Queen Victoria.

It appeases the curiosity not at all to say, One can never tell what will happen in New Hampshire. The response to that is, Tell us, what *will* happen in New Hampshire? To reply, Nobody knows, is to confess to an ignorance that no pundit has any business revealing.

You try a few historical reminders.

Did you know (you say) that in January 1972 2 per cent of the American people knew who George McGovern was? Seven months later he was nominated for President by the Democratic Party.

Did you know that in January 1976 3 per cent of the American people had ever heard the name of Jimmy Carter? Ten months later he was elected President.

You go on, like the drunk holding forth in a bar.

Do you remember Phil Crane? No? Well, Phil Crane was—still is—a congressman from Illinois, who resolved in 1980 to run for President. He is Hollywood-quality good-looking. He is a PhD. He is a superb public speaker. He is married to a very beautiful woman. And they have eight children. His political opinions—on domestic socialism, on the Soviet threat—were identical to those of Ronald Reagan. And how did he make out in New Hampshire? He got fewer votes than Lyndon LaRouche.

Am I boring you? Well, too bad. You began it . . .

Look back at Richard Nixon. Were his qualifications overwhelming? His big break was when Dwight Eisenhower picked him for Vice President in 1952. That placed him in the big time and made it hard for the GOP to pass him by in 1960. Remember, in those days the primaries didn't amount to all that much. The party leaders decided who would be the candidate, unless the contestants were very well-matched, the strong elements of the Party opposed to each other, as had been the case when General Eisenhower contended with Senator Taft.

So Nixon gets picked—and he loses. Something of a stigma, to lose a presidential election. William Jennings Bryan was given three cracks at it by the Democrats, but that is unusual. By and large, the party figures that you had your chance, and goes after someone else. Who? Ask New Hampshire.

Then on top of losing a presidential election, Richard Nixon was beaten ignominiously for governor in his own state in 1962. If ever a politician was through, Nixon was through. And then, after letting Goldwater go by in 1964, Nixon decided he would run for President in 1968 and started campaigning for the primaries. In his career, he contended in 41 primaries. He won 40. An unparalleled performance. Why did he win? Because he was, like Churchill, a spellbinder on the stump? Because, like de Gaulle, he radiated charisma? Because, like Adenauer, he was unchallengeable as godfather of his country? No; and nobody knows, to this day, what exactly it was that caused this passion between Republican primary voters and Richard Nixon. And the lesson from this is, If we do not know what brought on that aberration, how do we know what will bring on something akin to it in 1996? Will the voters swoon before Jack Kemp as they did in Erie County? Perhaps so, but this would be because they had discovered one another since 1988, when New Hampshire turned him down. How would Bill Weld fare? Do we examine this question by asking how would the voters of New Hampshire react to a governor who is conservative on fiscal issues, latitudinarian on social issues? The answer is, We do not know.

It becomes tiresome after a while, the reiteration of one's ignorance. On the other hand, this ignorance makes the game all the more glamorous. There is a great deal to be said for the British system, where questions of party leader are decided by the vote of elected members of your own party. But the sovereignty of a vote that all you need do to exercise it is reach the age of 18 has its attractions. □

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The Lawsuit

NEW YORK, MAY 10

The appearance of Anita Hill and Robert Bork on *Face the Nation* was a blow to the Clinton position on the sex suit. It was expected that Professor Hill would find an exonerative formula, one that simultaneously a) justified her retroactively in making public her charges against Clarence Thomas, and b) suggested it was plain that the charges of Paula Jones were merely an expression of ideological animus, plus also a little profiteering. No, said Miss Hill, we do not know anything about the merits of Mrs. Jones's complaint until her case is heard in court. Merely to say that there is after all a possibility that the moon is made of green cheese greatly sets back the cause of those who urge us all to believe that the lady is a tramp who has gone to court insisting the moon is made of green cheese.

And then Judge Bork made two arresting observations. The first, that the Constitution nowhere grants a President immunity from the law in pursuit of a wrongdoing committed before he assumed office. That, and then Judge Bork's advice that one would naturally expect that the plaintiffs would present in court such as Gennifer Flowers. Her testimony would have to do with the question of character and reliability.

Some viewers learned for the first time that the complaint alleges familiarity with parts of the body conventionally clothed. The program's host, Mr. Bob Schieffer, explained that there were passages in the complaint he would not feel

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free to read over the air. And then Professor Charles Ogletree of Harvard, who had served as counsel for Anita Hill, made a reference to the "Michael Jackson precedent." We were being reminded that the plaintiff in that case professed a familiarity with Jackson's body not available to the public at large. An ingenious advocate might come up with fancy explanations for familiarity of that kind (Gennifer Flowers might have ratted to Paula Jones); the birthmark (if that is what Paula is talking about) might not be there the day Mr. Clinton drops his pants before the jury (the ultimate success in shredding?)—but the whole thing argues a very urgent need for perspective.

Robert Bennett, the high-powered lawyer of Mr. Clinton, evidently recognized quickly the need for action in the principal arena, which is not the courtroom but the bar of public opinion. It is said in Washington that Bennett considers himself a failure when a client even has to go to trial. The idea is that merely to have been subjected to the process can be gravely damaging.

Accordingly, there were exchanges between lawyers before the suit was actually filed. If the account in the *New York Times* is correct, the President was willing to concede that, yes, he had seen Paula Jones, but that if he had said anything she misconstrued as a sexual innuendo, he apologized. Mrs. Jones was not willing to settle for this. If she had been, one is told, any future spin on the story engineered by the White House would have left her out in the cold given that the statute of limitations would have passed.

The anti-Jones people are stressing the role that money is playing in her motivations. She evidently told her sister at one point that there was "money" in this case. But she did not tell her sister, as far as we know, that she was inclined to make up a charge against Mr. Clinton because there would then be money. What she was saying confirms that she wants money, but doesn't discredit the charges she has made.

And in any case it is naïve to wonder whether she wants money. She is, after all, suing for money—$700,000. Her official case is: What Clinton did caused me psychological stress and embarrassment, for which I am entitled to $300,000; moreover, I want $400,000 as punishment for doing to me something that is against the law. She now steps forward to say she will contribute any excess money awarded, over the cost of litigation, to charity. No charity is going to get rich off that hypothetical pot of gold.

If ever there was a case that called for expeditious treatment, surely it is here. Either party can move for "expediting"—and either party can object. A judge decides.

Better no trial at all. The whole thing is embarrassing, and it would be a sign of political health if a bipartisan fund drive were undertaken to pay Mrs. Jones off. □

Suicide, Anyone?

NEW YORK, MAY 6

The Right of Privacy has had another offspring, some people would say illegitimate inasmuch as the father is a phantom, a figment of the imagination of Justice Blackmun, when he declared in 1973 that the voters do not have the right to protect the unborn.

Comes now Judge Barbara Rothstein of the United States District Court in Seattle, to strike down a 140-year-old Washington State law prohibiting a doctor from assisting a patient to commit suicide. Judge Rothstein appeals directly to *Roe* v. *Wade*, the 1973 abortion decision. Her reasoning is that just as the Court has established that abortion is an exercise of a right of privacy, so is ending one's life. "The suffering of a terminally ill person cannot be deemed any less intimate or personal, or any less deserving of protection from unwarranted governmental interference than that of a pregnant woman," the judge said.

But she did not end there. She said that it's okay for the law to discourage, and presumably prevent, suicide in certain cases. "Obviously, the state has a strong, legitimate interest in deterring suicide by young people and others with a significant natural life span ahead of them." But that, she said, isn't the case when you are talking about somebody suffering terminally.

Ah, but this is a can of worms, is it not? Just to begin with, it isn't possible to prevent someone who is able-bodied from committing suicide. He/she can borrow the children's pistol, aim it at the head, and pull the trigger. Or, jump out of the window. What one can't do, in the State of Washington or in thirty other states, is ask the doctor for a knockout pill. If Judge Rothstein is upheld, henceforward, in Washington and indeed elsewhere (she is a federal judge, not a state judge), a doctor can give you a lethal prescription.

But then begin the equivocations: This would be forbidden if you are a "young person" with a "significant natural life span" ahead of you. And, of course, the decision by Judge Rothstein came only a day after the latest trial of Dr. Jack Kevorkian. The jury found that, as the doctor's lawyer pleaded, he wasn't engaged in helping to kill the patient, he was merely engaged in diminishing the patient's pain. What Dr. Kevorkian did concretely was furnish a mask for the patient, and run a tube from the mask to a tank of carbon monoxide. This is the equivalent of saying that the handyman who plants a bomb under your car and runs an electric line to your window sill, but leaves it to you to depress the button when your wife enters the car, hasn't assisted you to commit murder; he is just making life easier for you.

But these of course are the problems one runs into when planting rights and attempting to reason to their applicability. For instance, taking your life is your most intimate right, then why should it not also be the right of the healthy young man with the "significant natural life span" ahead of him? What right does the state have to tell the doctor that he can't help the man who did the decathlon yesterday to commit suicide today? Why doesn't the dejected young Republican have a right to despair and end it all, when Clinton is elected President?

To display one's own cards in the matter, the author of these words believes most profoundly in the desirability of death, over against protracted, useless suffering. But there is a point at which one is supposed to yield to higher laws. The tradition in America is that the people will vote collectively on such matters, and just three years ago, the people of Washington State rejected an initiative that would have given to doctors the right Judge Rothstein has just now given them; even as the voters, over the span of generations, had voted to protect unborn life. That principle—self-government, by the majority—can be taken as sacredly as Abraham Lincoln took it, refusing to call for the abolition of slavery for so long as it was constitutionally tolerated. And there are laws even more august than the legislature's, which laws prohibit suicide, though they do not prescribe life-protraction. But the judge in Seattle has now discovered a fresh right, and declared incompetent the franchise of the people, renewed as recently as three years ago.

It's fun to set about discovering fresh rights, but there are victims, as we have seen. Unborn babies are the most conspicuous. But now, we have problematic death-wishers, corrupt doctors—and the sovereignty of majority rule. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Déjà Bill

I KNEW there was something familiar about Bill Clinton. The moment Paula Jones said "hotel" and "convention" my youth came back to me. The Prez reminds me of the Man on the Plane, the ubiquitous middle-aged businessman with *husband* written all over him who lives for out-of-town flings.

Like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, his seduction line altereth not. You can tell how many times he must have said it by the way it all runs together. His "God you're lovely I've got to have you let's go to bed" sounds like the flight attendant's "Please fasten your seatbelts and place your serving tray in the upright position."

Smiles ("Whatcha lookin' so sad about, honey?") are his life's blood. He is convinced that if he can get a woman to talk, he can get her to smile, and if he can get her to smile, he can get her to bed. Any *no* from a woman is a sexual no. If she refuses his little bag of airline cashews, he feels subconsciously that she has refused him sex; his crestfallen look gives him away. Any refusal, no matter how minor, sets off desperate cajolery. Does she want his magazine? No. A pillow? No. Another drink? No. He will press on, burrowing through her refusals like a mole, offering her his earphones, his mints, his crossword puzzle, his pencil—he must get a *yes* out of her, no matter how meaningless.

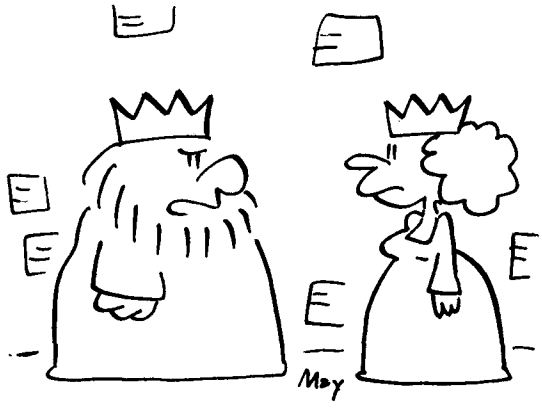
He also requires lots of laughs. A serious woman is a sexually unresponsive woman, so he must cheer her up, as it were. Proud of his scintillating repartee, he orders a tray of "whore's drawers" to go with cocktails; defines a French breakfast ("a roll in bed with honey"); extols the technique of the author of *She* ("ride 'er haggard"); and deconstructs *The Rape of the Lock* ("Here comes the key!").

Next come his maxims. "Only a man can play the violin because it's like getting a response out of a woman's body, hee-hee" (wink-wink). This is his version of Balzac's comparison between an inept lover and an orangutan with a violin, but don't try to untangle it or he will jab you in the ribs and boom, "Hey, the party's getting serious!" Worse, any mention of Balzac will inspire a vaudeville routine about Zack's balls.

The wise woman will shriek with mirth over his bons mots. Merely smiling politely is a confession that you have experienced mild pleasure but not orgasm. He will keep pumping away, repeating his punch lines and elbowing you in the ribs in a symbolic attempt to send you over the top, so fake the laugh.

When he's ready to steer the conversation into intimate waters, he uses a technique he calls "getting her to open up."

"What do you want out of life?" he asks soulfully, his eyes narrowing to pensive slits. Next: "Don't you ever get lonely?" Then: "What are you so unhappy about?" Finally, he shakes his head, smiles his worldly-wise smile and murmurs, "What are you afraid of?"



"You can't win—I doubled taxes to pay for national health care, and now everybody's got malnutrition."

This plangent third degree is designed to prove that you are a love-starved waif. Any woman thus grilled finds herself trying very hard to sound active and sophisticated, but watch out when he starts comparing lonely life in the big city to the rich communalism of his home town. If you say, "Small towns are dull," he will retort, "You like excitement, huh? Hee-hee," accompanied by every gleam and wink in his repertoire. His conversational terrain is full of such land mines.

CASANOVA wrote that for men, "Love is three-quarters curiosity," an observation reiterated by Theodore Reik: "Nothing in the psychology of women can be compared to the sexual inquisitiveness of the male."

The Man on the Plane is a sexual quidnunc. Knowing nothing about women, he has an insatiable need to know everything about them. Every woman is familiar with his speculative gaze across a hotel lobby: it's one of the few times he's quiet and still. Deep in reverie he sits, eyes squinched up and a puckish smile lifting the corners of his mouth, a man in search of sheness.

He wants to be "a man who understands women," yet he fears that such an understanding would be evidence of a dangerously large feminine component in his own makeup. The fun would be over then; he could no longer go out with the boys and talk about how hard it is to understand women. Worse, the boys might start having trouble understanding *him*. Unwilling to risk this, he puts the lid on his deeper speculations and limits himself to "I wonder what she's like in the sack."

He is a self-proclaimed expert at spotting arcane lubricious distinctions across a crowded room. A woman whose eyes slant is hot. A woman with a cleft chin is hot. A woman who slips off her shoes is hot—not just her feet, but all of her. This is what he heard behind the barn and he still swears by it.

I don't know if the Arkansas troopers propositioned woman after woman until one said yes, but I do know that the Man on the Plane said, "They'll never repeal the law of averages, hee-hee."

—FLORENCE KING

Miss King's Southern Ladies and Gentlemen *has recently been reissued in paperback (St. Martin's).*

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Pano Karatassos, Chops Restaurant Owner, with Patricia Kellett, VP Sales and Marketing, National Linen Service.

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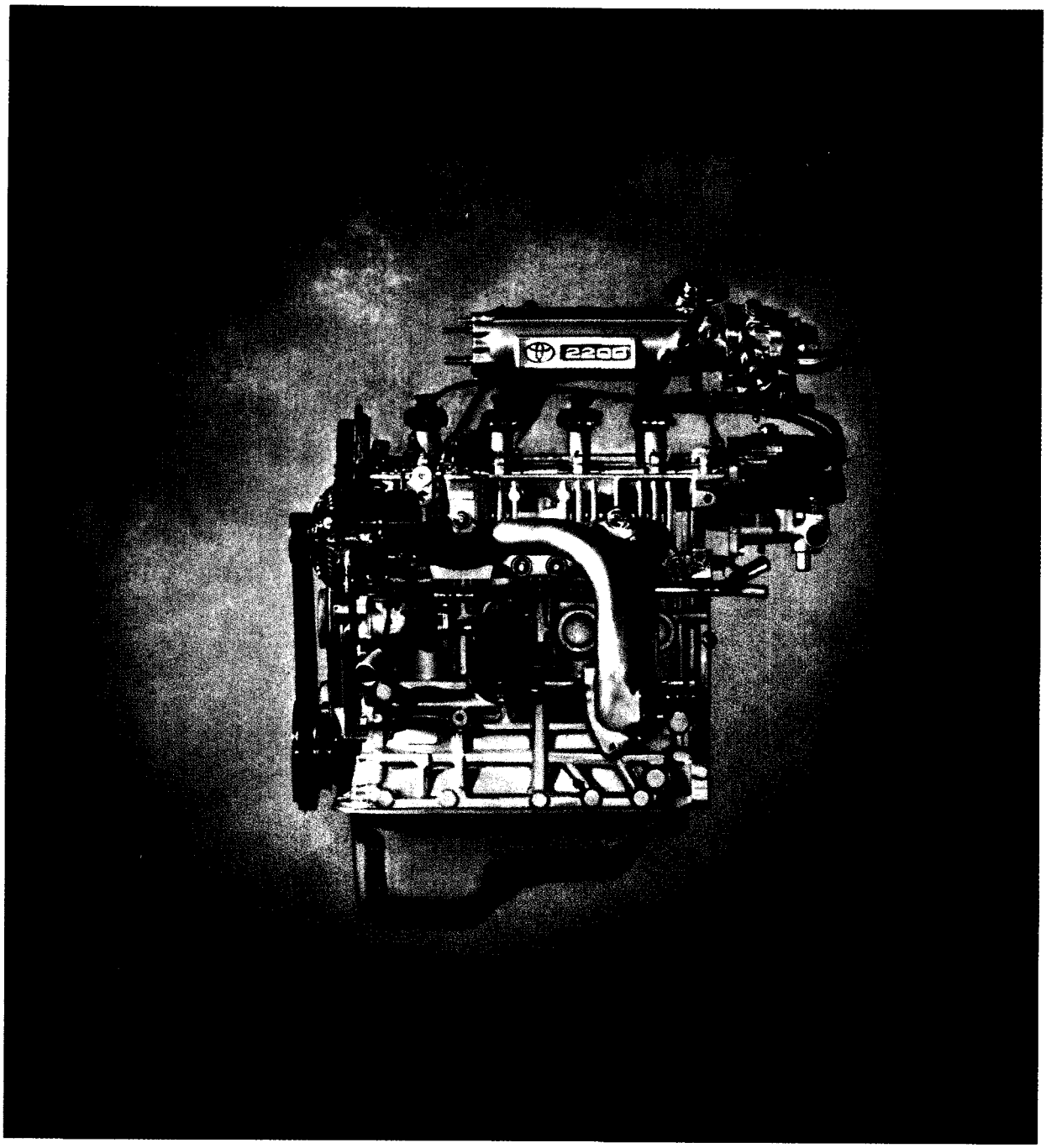

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